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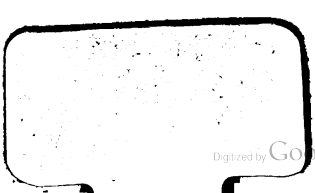

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MEMOIR

OF

HANNAH HOBBIE;

OR,

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY, AND TRIUMPH IN SUFFERING.

BY REV. ROBERT G. ARMSTRONG, A. M.

PASTOR OF A CHURCH IN FISHKILL, N. Y.

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PREFACE.

Memoirs of the pious dead should be regarded as intimately associated, in their object and tendency, with the instructive biographies of the sacred Scriptures; and as carrying out the original designs of the Spirit of Inspiration in the abounding narrative of the Bible.

This method of communicating instruction is admirably adapted to secure, in reference to such beings as we are, the most important ends.

We are taught, alike in Scripture biography and in the lives of departed saints, the *practical effects of divine truth upon the heart and conscience.* We see the influence upon those of like passions with us, of principles purifying and controlling; at war with every sinful inclination, and successfully struggling with every unruly passion; and are thus effectually taught what we, by grace, may be.

The recorded dealings of God's providence with his people are also an instructive commentary by which *the import of his promises is clearly and impressively illustrated.* Here *we see how much he does* for them; how freely he forgives their sins; how faithfully he keeps his word, and how he watches over them with a warm, a lasting, and a sleepless friendship.

Besides, the history of each individual who has finished the christian course in triumph, *adds another to the "great cloud of witnesses" by which we are*

H. H.

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"*surrounded*," who testify to the faithfulness of God, and the reality, power, and excellency of religion.

If the humble, retiring individual, whose narrative is here given, "being dead," shall "speak" with power to any—if this little volume shall pay a visit of mercy to the sufferer—if it shall ever be found the companion of a sleepless pillow, guiding the inquiring soul to Christ, or kindling the graces of any of his people, or lighting up a smile in the hour of death, its errand of love will not be in vain.

It is proper to state that the selections from what she had written are frequently abridged, condensed and simplified; but the original sentiment is in all cases carefully retained.

H. H.

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MEMOIR

OF

HANNAH HOBBIE.

CHAPTER I.

HANNAH HOBBIE was the daughter of Caleb K. and Clarina Hobbie, of the town of Northeast, Dutchess county, New-York. She was born October 13, 1806.

Her family were of that respectable and substantial class which stands at an equal remove from the rich and the poor. Possessing what Agur so wisely desired, neither poverty nor riches, they were happy in comparative exemption from the temptations which are incident to both.

From this class of society I believe God has ever taken the greatest proportion, and, if I mistake not, the most efficient of his people; and the members of this family have been consecrated by the Spirit, one after another, to his service, as fast as they have grown up to maturity. At the time at which this narrative commences, none of the family but Mrs. Hobbie belonged to the church of Christ. I have had the happiness since of witnessing, at different

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times, the vows of her husband and three of her children at the altar at which I then ministered. Others have since given themselves in covenant to God in a distant part of the state.

Hannah was the second daughter. She was remarkable from childhood for a solidity of mind and sobriety of deportment not frequently found in the buoyant season of youth; was dutiful to her parents, and affectionate and even-tempered towards her brothers and sisters and companions.

The religious instruction which she received from her mother, and which, doubtless, greatly contributed to establish the equanimity of temper and sobriety of behavior which so strongly characterized her early years, seems to have made an abiding, though not an awakening impression upon her mind. From a short account of her sufferings and exercises, I find that though at an early age she seems to have been sensible of the importance of religion, and to have had many serious impressions, none of them were lasting. Her first decided convictions of sin were during a revival of religion in the neighborhood in which she lived, when she was about fifteen years of age. At that time her attention became fixed upon her eternal welfare in a manner which, to her, was new, and she saw that to that period she had lived (under all her advantages) in strange ignorance of herself, of sin, and of God. She was deeply sensible that, under the

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holy administration of God's government, gracious and merciful as it is, *there is no peace to the wicked;* and felt that, as she had been a great transgressor, there was none for her.

In the paper which I have mentioned, and which begins with that appropriate expression of the Psalmist, "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul," having alluded to the visit of a pious missionary, who had called upon the family and conversed with her, she says:

"Being deeply impressed with a sense of my lost and perishing condition, soon after he left us I retired by myself to pray; and solemnly resolved, that, let what would be the consequence, I would endeavor to seek that religion which I considered of the utmost importance, and without which I was sensible I never should know true happiness. My health was pretty good; but I knew enough of the influence of disease to convince me that repentance should not be put off till a time of sickness, or the hour of death. I therefore prayed that I might not delay the important work."

This was six months subsequent to her being awakened; and after the expiration of another half year, she says of herself:

"I continued to seek for peace and pardon; but

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depending too much on my own strength, instead of submitting entirely to God, I was, in a measure, left to myself, and in the course of the following winter grew somewhat careless, sometimes neglecting the duty of prayer. My health, for some time, appeared to be declining; but I was not aware of the danger which threatened me, and made very little complaint. Knowing that the Lord did it, I opened not my mouth."

Her state, a half year still later, is thus described:

"On the 26th of April, 1823, I was laid upon a bed of sickness, and commenced a course of medicine. My physician, after making two or three visits, intimated that such was the nature of my complaint, it would probably be permanent. A consulting physician was called, and coincided with this opinion. This excited neither fear nor alarm; I thought it was intended for my good, and that it was all for the best. I was brought, apparently, near the grave. For several weeks after this I was almost insensible of spiritual things."

She speaks of her physician very kindly and thankfully; and having been relieved, in some measure, from her pains two or three months after this, she ascribes it (under God) to his "kind and unremitting attention."

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Who does not see that in her distress she fled to every refuge but the right one? She prayed *to be made happy*, but she found no relief; she wept at *the misery of her condition*, and in view of *coming wrath*, but her guilt still lay heavy upon her, and her conscience troubled her with ceaseless upbraidings. The congregation to which she belonged was then without a pastor; and like many others in her situation, she concealed the state of her mind, and became at length almost as careless as before.

It was at this critical period of her spiritual condition that I was called to that field of labor, and became acquainted with the state of her mind, which she has herself briefly described:

"I was almost insensible of my sin and danger; but after one or two visits from our friend and pastor, who urged upon me the necessity of being prepared for death, I was led to reflect on the past exercises of my mind, and to renew the practice of *that duty* which I had so much neglected. I suffered much; but thought it a punishment for my sins which I justly deserved, and seldom felt the least disposition to complain, or to think my lot hard. When I considered how much less my sufferings were than they might be, and how much less than I really deserved, I found I had more reason to be thankful than to complain.

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"About this time I was greatly alarmed by *a dream.* I had been more unwell for a week, which probably was the occasion of it. In my dream, my physician came to see me, and on his first entering the room there seemed an unusual solemnity on his countenance. He examined my symptoms, said but little, and did nothing for me. He seemed to hesitate about leaving me. I could not imagine the cause of his solemnity. He at length departed; but soon returned, and with the same solemnity, and apparently with great reluctance, told me that I was not as well; that I should not live longer than till the next week; that by that time I should be so poor that my bones would pierce through my skin. I knew that I was not prepared for the important event. I supposed my time short, and, in dreadful agony, wrung my hands and cried aloud for mercy; urging the doctor not to leave me. He promised to come the next day, and departed. I awoke in a profuse perspiration, and in great agitation on account of my dream. Though only a dream, it made a strong impression on my mind. I told it to no one.

"My sufferings greatly increased, and I was in great distress of body as well as mind. The next Sabbath was, I think, the most trying day I had ever experienced. In my distress I cried unto the Lord: I said within myself, *surely the hand of the Lord is upon me.* My dream was continually before

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me; nor did I soon forget it. I thought it was to show me that my time was short, and to awaken me to immediate preparation for death."

Her own remarks respecting this dream show that she attached to it no undue importance, but improved it wisely. The reader will perceive, that though her life was continued many years, the suffering and emaciation of which she now dreamed, became at last a matter of history.

Some time after this she thus writes:

"It seemed as if I had endured enough to wean me from the world; but I still felt that my attachment to it was strong. My sufferings, however, tended somewhat to draw off my affections from terrestrial enjoyments, and to engage me more earnestly in pursuit of those which are incorruptible and fade not away.

"In the following summer I had some degree of hope, but I soon found that I had still a heart of unbelief, and again almost despaired of mercy."

During the latter part of the period embraced in these extracts, I had visited her, and felt anxious to learn the real state of her mind. Although she seemed at first reluctant to give me a faithful account of her former and present feelings, I at length, by patient assiduity, succeeded in obtaining the knowledge which I so much desired.

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During these interviews I found her more and more impressed with a sense of sin; and discovered also that she was fast treading again her former mistaken course of *selfish desire* for mercy, merely *that she might be happy;* seeking *only* deliverance from her sorrows, and praying, under the impression that, *for so doing*, she ought to be regarded of God. I endeavored to show her that there was but *one way* in which she could become a child of God; that a mere desire of happiness for herself, and laying claim to the favor of God because of her frequent prayers, was not what he required: but that she must come in all her guilt, and wretchedness, and ruin, looking to the blood and spirit of Christ for cleansing and for life; and at the foot of the cross make a full and cheerful surrender of her heart and all she had *to the Savior*, to be his—consecrated to his service and glory for ever.

Her religious exercises soon assumed a new character. She saw that all was wrong within. *Sin* appeared to her exceeding sinful. She abased herself before God, and cried with the Psalmist, *Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.* Then her prayer was heard, and graciously answered. By degrees light came, and peace and joy in believing.

She now knew what it was to believe in Christ, to rest upon his covenant promises. *Now* she saw and acknowledged that God was right in refusing

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to hear her prayers, because she regarded not *his glory*. She saw that she had been unwilling to give up *all* for Christ; that she had possessed a proud and rebellious spirit, having no fellowship with a plan of salvation which plucked away every merit from herself, and bound all the laurels fresh and flourishing upon the Redeemer's brow. *Now* she rejoiced *in God her Savior*, and fully and freely ascribed to him *all the glory* of her deliverance. Her own account of this great change is deeply interesting.

"When about to sink in despair, the Lord in infinite mercy heard my cry, and brought relief. Then I could truly say, 'I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple. I was brought low and he helped me.'

"At times before, I entertained flattering hopes that I had passed from death unto life, but not till then, was I willing to *give up all for Christ*, and accept of salvation on the terms of the Gospel.

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"How much did I now mourn the loss of sanctuary privileges, and the privilege of reading. I considered them the greatest I could enjoy; but the Lord was my effectual Teacher.

"After I had experienced this happy change, which filled me with that peace which 'passeth all understanding,' I was led to wonder—to love and praise the Lord for his goodness in my happy deliverance. I beheld and admired the perfections of God in every thing around me; in the works of creation and the ways of providence. O the wonders of redeeming love! How astonishing! Sinners may be reconciled to God, and, through a Savior's merits, have hope in his mercy!

"I now look upon my many afflictions as among the means appointed by infinite wisdom and goodness to bring me into possession of that 'exceeding weight of glory' which the Lord has prepared for his people; and though I have hitherto been prevented, through fear and shame, from making known the wonderful goodness of God to me, I now bless the Lord who hath opened my mouth to show forth his praise."

This peace of mind was, at intervals, interrupted a little, for some time afterwards, by fears and doubts, arising from the very thing which gave others the strongest confidence in her piety—*a very tender conscience*—a quick and delicate susceptibili-

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ty, respecting even the appearance of evil. This sometimes presented her own heart to her view in such a light as threw a shade for a moment over the usual brightness of her hope; but, under all this, it was manifest to others that she was rapidly growing in grace.

From this time (nearly four years from the first appearance of her decided convictions of sin) a new era in her life commenced. She saw that it was her mistaken views of the divine plan of showing mercy to sinners which had caused her feet to stumble, and kept her so long in darkness. Now she was afraid of being left to her own understanding in any thing. She dared not trust her deceitful heart any more, for it had too often betrayed her already. With entire distrust of her own competency to direct her way, she felt that in all things she needed the guidance of that "wisdom which cometh from above." From the *wilderness* in which she had wandered so long, and where she had found the way so dreary, she "came up leaning upon her beloved." She earnestly desired to be taught *wholly—in every thing*—of God; and he fulfilled to her the promise, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." Though her outward man was perishing, her inward man was renewed day by day.

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I cannot pass on without looking back from this point, to gather up two or three striking illustrations of divine truth, afforded by the history of Hannah's conversion.

In external strictness of *moral deportment* there is nothing in the view of the true penitent which can palliate or *excuse opposition of heart* to the truth. How then can it be otherwise than lightly esteemed of God? This amiable female, though faithful in the discharge of the social and relative duties of life, found that *one thing* was lacking. She saw that she had *never loved God*—that her heart was enmity against him—and she loathed and abhorred herself in dust and ashes, as altogether vile.

We see that a *humble, broken heart*—a heart really distressed because of the evil of sin, of its odious character, as opposed to God's holy, and just, and good law, God will never despise; while such as have no desire to be holy, to be pure as God is pure, he will not regard. We see this weeping sufferer at times in deep distress of soul for four years before she came to the Savior in all her sins for healing and salvation. She found no rest, because she saw not the dreadful character of sin, and consequently was not driven *wholly* to Christ, renouncing sin and herself, and giving *all* to his service and glory. But when she saw that sin was *her crime;* that she stood in open and desperate rebellion against God, so great, so excellent, so mer-

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ciful, that he ought to be loved, and obeyed, and chosen above all; then, filled with grief and self-abasement, she came and cast herself, weeping over past transgressions, at the Savior's feet, like the woman which was a sinner, and *was forgiven.*

Watchmen of Israel, let us heed the admonition to be faithful to the souls committed to our care. For a long season Hannah was in darkness, because she had none to teach her *what she must do to be saved.* We may find, if we search our congregations with diligent attention, many who conceal their feelings. When the real state of her mind was elicited, and the way of salvation pointed out clearly in simplicity, then she saw her duty—and took up her cross and followed Jesus. We must at the fire-side, as well as in the public assembly, preach, as did the Apostles, the Gospel of the kingdom; and endeavor to ascertain *from themselves individually,* who among our people accept of the terms of salvation—who among them are resisting the Holy Ghost. Thus shall we find those, who, but for this paternal solicitude, might succeed in *quenching the Spirit.* How many has God saved through such fidelity as this! Let us "*watch for souls as they that must give account.*"

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CHAPTER II.

I love to sit down by the bed-side of a dying believer, when the process of removal from the world is slow, and the approaches of death gradual, but steady. I love to watch the developements of christian character—the manner in which God illustrates the import of his covenant engagements, and mark the excellency of religion. There, more than under any other circumstances, have I seen it displayed in all its purity of principle, its elevation of purpose, its loveliness of character, its brightness of hope, and its strength of consolation. There the mind has time and opportunity *to think*, and to *search out* the foundations of its confidence.

I retrace with fond remembrance, and often with deep emotion, the scenes which I witnessed during the painful and protracted sickness of this beloved, but now departed friend; the clear and edifying light in which truth has often been presented to my mind, by the impressive simplicity with which she would tell of the dealings of God with her soul, and recount her views, and trials, and comforts; and above all, I love to look back upon the humble, and patient, and child-like spirit with which, during years of bodily suffering, often intensely severe, she kissed the rod, and rejoiced in him who, she was

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enabled to see, had wisely and kindly appointed it.

In my frequent visits to her at this period, I found her bodily sufferings, in general, great; but her mind, for the most part, sweetly and firmly stayed on Christ. It was manifest throughout, that the promise which secures *good to them that trust in God*, as the result of all the allotments of his providence, was, in her case, remarkably fulfilled. Under all her severe pains, in her greatest debility (which at this time was excessive) she was always patient, always resigned to her Master's will, always trusting every thing to his hand. She firmly believed all the trials she endured to be, *in her case, necessary;* that they were all intended for her good; and her uniform choice was, that God should dispose of her as seemed best in his sight.

For two years she had not been able to sit up, at any one time, more than ten or fifteen minutes. Repeated attacks of severe pain had so racked her constitution, that, through weakness of her nervous system, at times she could scarcely bear the softest voice in her room. I have passed to her sick chamber through doors with every latch muffled, and, with all this precaution, lifted in the most gentle manner; while the family would steal away from place to place, in their household occupations, with a step as noiseless as the falling of a leaf; and yet I have found her happy in her Savior's love. When these seasons of extreme prostration

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passed away, it seemed as if she could not be sufficiently thankful.

As I was one day sitting at her bed-side, when she enjoyed rather more than her usual strength, and seemed anxious to improve the opportunity of christian intercourse, I felt desirous to ascertain her views of God's dealings with her more fully than I had ever before done.

"Hannah," said I, "you have been long and greatly afflicted. You have been shut out from the world in the bloom of life, deprived of its enjoyments, and for years visited with severe suffering: is it all right?"

She replied, in a voice so feeble, and tremulous, and sweet, that its very tones seemed to plead for sympathy with her sorrows, "Yes; it is all right. The Lord has done it; why should I complain? My sufferings have been great; but Jesus suffered more for me. My lot is not hard; I deserve it all. I have often wondered at the Lord's goodness in preserving me from death, while unprepared to meet it. These afflictions do me good; and are 'not worthy to be compared with the glory' that I trust will follow. I am in the Lord's hands, and I feel entirely submissive."

When I asked her what her greatest desire with respect to her sufferings had been, she said,

"It has been my prayer from the first, continually, that it might not be in vain that I was afflicted;

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that God would sanctify his dealings with me to my soul, and cause them to bring me to himself."

"Well," said I, "what do you think is the result?"

"I can sincerely say, that '*it is good for me that I have been afflicted;*' in this I cannot be mistaken: I do humbly trust that God has glorified himself in causing my afflictions to work for my eternal good. It is a great privilege to say so; but I think I can truly say it."

Anxious to know her whole heart in this matter, I said, "But when you see so many brought from darkness to light in firm health and with fewer sorrows, do you not sometimes feel as if God had been needlessly severe?"

"O sir," said she, while feeling about her pillow for her handkerchief to wipe away a tear that started from her eye and lay upon her cheek, "you know not *my heart.* God is clear in all. I was very obstinate; I wanted every thing my own way. God could not move *me*, as others have been moved, by kindness. His mercies I slighted, his entreaties I disregarded, and his threatenings did not affect *me.* It appears clear to me now, that he had no other way to bring *me* to himself but to do *just as he has done;* and I bless him now, and hope to praise him for ever for it."

I looked at her while uttering this language of meek submission; and a heavenly smile was mellowing and softening the usually sweet expression

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of her countenance. She turned her eye full upon me, beaming with the calm assurance of hope, and said, "My dear Pastor, *I am a favored being!*" When the starting tear had been wiped away, and the melting scene had gone by, I prayed with her, and departed. "I came here," said I, as I left the door of the dwelling, "to impart instruction and comfort a mourner, but I feel it a privilege to sit at her feet and learn."

In a letter to her aunt at Bedford, dated April 14, 1827, she says :

"I still languish on my sick bed; but it is all right; I 'own the sentence just.' My deprivations are many; but my mercies are many more. I cannot go to the house of God, but I thank him that I can hear the preached Gospel at home. Last Sabbath I enjoyed this privilege. Like water to the thirsty, or meat to him that is hungry, so was the word of life to me. The text was in the 117th Psalm, 'O praise the Lord, all ye nations, praise him all ye people; for his merciful kindness is great towards us, and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever.' Surely his merciful kindness is great towards me; and because his truth endureth for ever, therefore I will put my trust in him and not be afraid.

"How astonishing it is that many hear from the lips of the faithful preacher their awful condition

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while unreconciled to God, apparently with no concern. Though the Savior died to redeem them from eternal death, they regard it not. What a manifestation of the awful hardness of the human heart is this! Can any thing but mighty grace subdue it? Indifference to religion prevails in this place, and I sometimes fear lest heavy and deserved judgments may come upon us; but the Lord is infinite in goodness and plenteous in mercy; I sometimes therefore hope that, as he is reviving his work in other places, we too may behold his glory in the salvation of sinners.

"Spring has again returned with all its loveliness. How great and glorious is that God, at whose word the seasons perform their successive rounds! his glory shines in the firmament, and his goodness fills the earth: the hills and the valleys rejoice and sing—the fields and forests praise him.

> 'All nature seems at once combined
> 'In songs of wonder, love and praise.'

But in the plan of salvation God's glory shines brighter still; here he demands our highest praise. There is nothing in creation for which God has done so much as for man. As we are the peculiar objects of his favor, let it be our delight to serve him while we remain sojourners here, that we may reign with him in heaven."

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In a letter to another aunt, four days later, she says:

"It is now about four years that I have been deprived of the blessing of health: I have passed through many trying scenes, I have had cause to weep, and I have had cause to rejoice and be glad. Had any one told me that I should thus have suffered, I should probably have sunk under the thought; or, on the other hand, had I been told of the benefit I should derive from my afflictions, and of the happiness which I now possess, I should have been ready to exclaim, *impossible!* But the Lord himself has done it; his righteous arm inflicted the stroke, and in mercy and compassion he has made it a blessing to my soul. Yes, my dear aunt, if I am not greatly deceived, I have reason to believe my present sufferings will be my eternal gain. As adversity has been your lot, I have sympathized with you.

"How different the lots assigned to man! While some have every enjoyment of life, others suffer greatly, as we do. But if we have an interest in Christ; if it be our greatest delight to do the will of our heavenly Father, as I hope and trust it is, I sometimes think it is a matter of little consequence in what condition of life we are placed. Health is indeed most desirable, and the things of this life are a blessing; but Agur saw that fullness in these things

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was unfriendly to a spirit of entire dependence on God; and, lest he should *deny* him, he prayed that he might not have *riches*. For my part, whatever of this world's good I enjoy, I would receive *as a blessing* and *not as a portion;* and because all beneath the sun is fading and transitory, I look forward with joy to an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

"It is painful to me to be separated from those friends whom I hold dear; but the joyful period will soon arrive when the friends of Christ will meet at the right hand of God, where pains and parting will be no more. There I hope to meet my dear aunt, never more to endure the trial of a separation."

Another letter, written about the same time, was addressed to a cousin, who was still a thoughtless girl, though admonished by disease to prepare for a dying hour.

"*Northeast, Apr* 20, 1827.

"DEAR COUSIN,—I should not be excusable were I to neglect this favorable opportunity of writing to you. But O that I could address you as one that felt the importance of that religion which enables me, and all who feel its renovating and sustaining power, to be happy, and contented, even in sickness. I have not heard from you in a long time, but from the knowledge I have of your complaint, I suppose that you are still suffering. Have you felt the

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need of that solace which arises only from a sense of the love and favor of God? If not, I sincerely pity you. Yes; I have, by painful experience, learnt to pity all those who are living without God and without hope in the world. I know not what could please me more than to hear that my dear Elizabeth had renounced the world and all its vanities, and made choice of that good part which can never be taken away. Should I attempt to tell you the happiness of a soul that loves God, I could not do it. I well remember, when I was yet a stranger to God, and was often entreated by Christian friends to forsake the ways of sin, they told me of the folly and danger of my course, and of the delights of the ways of wisdom. I can now say that the half of either was not told me. I never knew what true happiness was till I found it in religion.

"Separated as we now are, I often ask myself, shall we be separated beyond the grave? Were I assured that we should meet in heaven, I should feel much more reconciled to see you no more below, as I probably never shall. Good and evil are set before you; O that you would choose, and be a follower of that which is good!

"I should be highly gratified to have you write; for to receive letters from my distant friends is next to the pleasure of seeing them.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

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CHAPTER III.

Miss Hobbie was a plain unlettered female, trained to habits of industry in a farmer's family, and enjoying limited privileges for the improvement of her mind. In this respect she was most emphatically self-made: she was fond of reading, and embraced every opportunity at her command to gain instruction.

Her journal was commenced on the 24th of August, 1827, and exhibits the exercises of her mind until within about seven weeks of her death, a period of nearly three and a half years. Here the true christian appears portrayed in a most amiable and edifying light. O that all who read it may imbibe its spirit.

It was written, and also her letters, as she reclined on her bed, too weak to sit by a table, having a book before her for a writing-desk, and her ink standing at her bedside. Under such circumstances few would have felt themselves able to write at all; few, very few would have persevered as she did. The trembling and faint characters in which many parts of this journal are delineated, indicate the pain and weakness under which it was frequently continued. She felt the object to be great—her own advancement in the divine life; and

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faithfully pursued the plan of recording her exercises as the best method of ascertaining her spiritual as well as mental improvement. To a mind disciplined, like hers, to self-examination, it appeared the most eligible method of furthering her great object, that of being holy; in order to know her progress in the christian life, she felt that some permanency must be given to her passing impressions. From several records it would appear that she was in the habit of frequently reviewing her journal, for the purpose of ascertaining her growth in grace; and her manner and design in giving it into my hands, just before her death, which will be hereafter noticed, make it evident that she had not the most distant idea of its being published.

This journal, which appears to me so like a rich vein of gold throughout that I scarcely know what to omit, commences as follows:

"August 24, 1827. In taking a review of the last eighteen months of my life, which I have endeavored to devote to the service of God, I find much cause to mourn my misimprovement of time, and to regret that I have made so little progress in the divine life. Having been much impressed of late with a sense of the importance of so improving the short season allotted me on earth, that I may render a good account at last, I am induced to adopt this measure for the improvement of my

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mind and for my growth in grace, believing it to be a very effectual method for keeping alive a flame of heavenly devotion in my heart, and increasing love to God, as the great source of christian excellence.

"And now, O Lord, I would make an entire surrender of myself to thee; and, through the merits of thy dear Son, hope to find acceptance with thee. May thy Spirit guide me into all necessary truth; save me from all error; influence me to receive the truth in the love of it; and transform me more and more into a likeness to thyself."

"August 25. Reason and revelation both teach me that I have an immortal soul, which, after leaving this present abode of flesh, must enter a state of inexpressible happiness in heaven, or sink into the depths of endless wo: and as the present is the only time for securing the favor of God and an inheritance in heaven, it becomes me to examine myself, and know whether I have been actually born again; whether a right spirit is renewed within me. Have I so repented of sin, that my heart is really set against it? Does the love of God appear to me to be the first, greatest, and best of all objects? O Lord, thou knowest that my greatest desire is to know and do thy will; wilt thou show me, if I am indeed thine? Manifest thyself unto me, as thou dost not unto the world, and make me such as thou wilt delight to own and bless."

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"August 26. The returning *Sabbath* reminds me of the privilege I once enjoyed of going to the house of God and hearing the Gospel's joyful sound. But alas! I have long been deprived of the inestimable blessing. I nevertheless rejoice that God, whose presence makes glad the hearts of his children worshiping in the sanctuary, likewise condescends to visit the humble and contrite while languishing on a bed of sickness at home. Be pleased, Heavenly Father, to favor me with thy gracious presence, and make this day a blessing to my soul. My Sabbaths on earth will soon end; then may I be prepared to enter upon that Sabbath of rest which ends—*never*. There I may worship Thee, without the weaknesses and infirmities of flesh to interpose."

"Aug. 28. As the heavens are high above the earth, so great is thy goodness unto me, O Lord, from day to day. But alas! how ungrateful! What poor returns do I make for the mercies innumerable that I enjoy! How often am I contented with the form of godliness, without feeling its enlivening and invigorating power! With what indifference do I read the word of God! O Lord, awaken me from carelessness, stupidity, and unbelief. Thou knowest my wants and barrenness; how feeble my graces, how cold my love, how weak my faith, how lukewarm my zeal, how negligent my fear, and how imperfect *all*. O strengthen me with might

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in the inner man; fashion my soul after thine own blessed image; and daily, out of thy fullness, give me to partake of the abundance of grace: give me clearer views of the *riches of grace*, that my unbelief may be confounded, and deeper discoveries of my own wretchedness produced. Let my pride be abased; and O, may I thankfully embrace thy free salvation, and be content to be saved, from first to last, *as a sinner*."

See how soon this prayer was answered. The next day she thus expresses herself:

"Aug. 29. To-day I feel religion to be indeed the *one thing needful;* and I bless the Lord for the hope that I have a share in that good part which shall not be taken away. Glorious hope! With this assurance I am contented and happy under the deprivation of health, one of the greatest blessings of life. With this assurance I am encouraged to 'fight the good fight of faith,' and to 'run with patience the race that is set before me.'"

"Aug. 31. Yesterday I felt sorely afflicted in body, and somewhat depressed in mind, so that the day passed away not comfortably. But towards evening the Lord was pleased to grant me nearness to the throne of grace. I was enabled to return him my unfeigned thanks for his multiplied mercies; to ask for the pardon of sin; and, through

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the Savior's merits, to hope for salvation and eternal life. I think I can truly say that I found joy and peace in believing. The comforts of the Lord delighted my soul, and I was enabled to commend myself to the care and protection of the great Guardian of my sleeping hours, and close my eyes, *unsolicitous* whether I should awake in time or eternity. This morning I awoke, and found my thoughts still with God; aspiring after more grace and greater holiness; anxiously desiring to become more and more conformed to the blessed image of my Savior. O Lord, wilt thou show me the way of life? 'In thy presence is fullness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.'

'God is my portion and my joy,
'His counsels are my light;
'He gives me sweet advice by day,
'And gentle hints by night.'"

"September 1. I have to record the abundant goodness of God to me during the past week. *Richly favored* with the gifts of Providence, and, I trust, with the better blessings of grace, I have been called upon, by love and gratitude, to devote myself *wholly* to the service of God. I think I have found that true happiness consists not in the enjoyment of health or the good things of this life. I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast taught my thoughts and affections to ascend, and fix upon

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those joys that never die. Thou art the *fountain* of life; the only source of true happiness: unto thee would I look for all that I need."

"September 2. I hail the return of another *Sabbath;* but, sensible of my own utter insufficiency, would look to God for a fresh supply of grace, through which alone I can rightly improve it. O Lord, may thy blessing make this day more profitable to me than any one I have spent before. I deplore my imperfections; may my afflictions be the means of removing them; and as the Captain of salvation was made perfect through sufferings, so may I be fitted by them for thy blessed will. He was without sin; I have many sins to be forgiven and to be forsaken."

"September 4. Through the mercy and goodness of the Lord to me the past night, I have been blest with refreshing sleep, and brought to behold the light of another morning. For two days I have had humbling views of myself as a sinner. In reflecting on the past, I have much cause for humiliation, because of the spirit of pride and selfishness which has hitherto been so prevalent within me. O when shall I be willing to render unto God *all* his due! He alone is worthy of all praise, honor, and glory. O when shall I be willing to live only to the honor and glory of that Savior who has called me from darkness to light! O that I might possess the Savior's meek and lowly spirit! O Lord,

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poor and needy I would come, and through thy strength resolve to devote the remainder of my life *to thee*. Of myself I can do nothing. O for grace to help me in this time of need. I would present my soul and body *a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to thee*, which is my *reasonable service*. Accept thou the offering, and make my heart thy constant abode. Make me willing to sit humbly at the feet of Jesus, and submit myself altogether implicitly to his teaching."

"September 5. Like a stranger and pilgrim below, I wander in search of purer and more substantial joys than this world can give. I look for a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God. I feel and am assured that my days on earth are few: I am, therefore, more reconciled to the trials of life, and I count all these sufferings but light, when compared with the glory that shall be revealed in me hereafter."

"September 9. Another week is added to my mortal existence, which brings me nearer to eternity. I would ask myself whether I am nearer to God and heaven. I think I can say that I do more ardently hunger and thirst after righteousness; and feeling the inadequacy of earthly good to satisfy my soul, without the continual enjoyment of the love and presence of God, I desire to live near to him, and to be more conformed to his blessed image."

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She then mentions the calls of many of her friends who were not pious; regrets that their attention could not be drawn to the subjects which interested her more deeply than their worldly conversation, and complains of the interruption, as depriving her of the *profit* of recording her exercises of mind, and interfering materially with the privileges of meditation and prayer, as she was reduced at this time to a state of great bodily weakness. But having been favored in the meantime with a few opportunities of intercourse with the children of God, she proceeds to show the difference, in her view, between them.

"I find much pleasure in the society of christian friends, particularly those whose conversation shows most of a spiritual mind. Indeed, I feel a peculiar attachment to the friends of Christ. But on the contrary, I seldom find satisfaction in the visits of those whose conversation is about the things of this world. O how do I pity those who know not God, nor consider the worth of their souls. I do sincerely pity them; and my constant prayer to God is, that they may repent before it be for ever too late. O that all my friends were the friends of God!"

She closes the entry in her journal this day by a renewed dedication of herself to God, which was not only her frequent, but her *weekly* practice.

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In reference to a revival of religion with which we were at this time favored, and which exerted its blessed influence among the different denominations in the vicinity, she thus expresses herself:

"September 21. How does it rejoice my heart to hear of the conversion of sinners! The glad news that God has commenced a glorious work here, has filled me with ecstacies of joy, awakened my drowsy powers, and made me more earnest at the throne of grace in behalf of sinners. I rejoice in the hope that the Lord will bless us abundantly with the refreshing showers of his grace. I have long mourned for the desolations of Zion, and lamented the carelessness and stupidity which have so long prevailed. O Lord, wilt thou arise and have mercy upon Zion, and visit us *greatly* with thy salvation."

In this work of divine grace, (though at this time she was very feeble,) Hannah took hold of God's covenant as with the grasp of death, and continued to plead for sinners, especially for her father and family, with a faith which could not be denied. As often as I visited her during its progress, she seemed to forget herself in the deep interest she felt for others. She would inquire very anxiously after the subjects of the work, and rejoice greatly, as one after another have evidence of having re-

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ceived Christ. The world offered her its promises in vain; nothing could draw her away from heavenly things and the progress of Christ's kingdom. She felt the wickedness of her own heart so sensibly, and so dreaded its palsying influence, that she was constrained most diligently to watch and pray against it. This is no anomaly: a discovery of the sin and deceitfulness of the heart, in connection with unshaken trust in God, is one of the best evidences of growth in grace. It was so with her; for when she complained to me the most of this, she still said, "In the smiles of God my happiness is complete; *his frown alone* is darkness. God is my defence against every foe, whom shall I fear? He is my hope and my salvation."

She again said, "At times I have great freedom and delight in prayer and devotion. I have felt pity for the miserable state of sinners around me, and have entreated the Lord to draw near unto us; especially that a parent, who is yet at a distance from God, and brothers, and sisters, and neighbors, may partake of the blessing of his salvation. The Lord is rich in mercy; O that I could live more upon him by faith, and derive more of my happiness from things above, and less from things below!"

Under date of October 10, she thus writes:

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his

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benefits to me? What am I, that God, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, should condescend to dwell in my heart? I have enjoyed much of his presence for three days past. His presence is life, light, joy, and peace.

"A meeting was appointed here yesterday, in the enjoyment of which I anticipated much happiness. It being very stormy, no one came except our pastor and a christian friend. I was somewhat disappointed; but the afternoon passed away very pleasantly. The revival was the principal subject of conversation. The work is progressing. My prayer to God is, that it may go on without interruption, till all shall be brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Our friends closed their visit with us by prayer. I was most affectionately remembered. I desire to be thankful for the many tokens of affection and regard which I receive from my christian friends. The visit was profitable to me; and I am this day encouraged to persevere in the ways of the Lord. May I so run that I may obtain."

"Oct. 13. This day I am twenty-one years old. This calls for self-examination. In taking a review of the past year, how great the catalogue of mercies! The Lord has seen fit to continue my bodily afflictions; I have mourned the loss of many valuable privileges; but my comforts have been neither few nor small. Through the summer my unfaith-

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fulness to God and neglect of duty often caused darkness of mind. I was often constrained to say within myself,

> 'Why is my heart so far from thee,
> 'My God, my chief delight?'

But I hope I do record it with humble gratitude, that for two months past my affections have been more given to God and religion. Prayer, which was formerly a task, has become a privilege in which I delight. I have felt more freedom in giving myself to God, and have had increased desires after holiness. Yes, I long to be holy, as I long to be happy.

"I would this day solemnly *renew my covenant* with God, and through the strength of Jesus resolve, henceforth, to be more diligent in duty—more instant in prayer. Sensible I am that my chief happiness depends upon this, for prayer is the christian's breath. When prayer is omitted, *farewell enjoyment!* I would commit myself, my health, and the disposal of all that pertains to me in future, into the hands of God—to his unerring wisdom. Do thou, O Lord, perfect that which concerneth me. I sometimes think, were it not for the possibility of becoming useful to my fellow-creatures, I should have no desire to live. But I would calmly wait my Father's will. *Thy will, O Lord, be done.* I *can* say this now—O that I may be able to say it to

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the last!—Heavenly Father, whether it be thy will to restore me to health, or that I should still linger upon my bed, may I henceforward be more meek in my disposition; more amiable in my temper; more devout in the frame of my mind; more spiritual in my conversation; more zealous for thy glory; more conformed to the image of my Lord and Master; and the life which I live in the flesh, may I live by the faith of thy dear Son, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

"October 28.

'Another six days' work is done;
'Another Sabbath is begun;'

and I feel myself under renewed obligation to the Father of mercies for his increase of favor to me. With very little interruption I have enjoyed the light of God's countenance and a sense of his favor the past week; and this morning I find myself happy in the possession of that peace which passeth understanding. Others are permitted to-day to worship and pay their vows in the sanctuary; I am compelled to spend my Sabbath in the retirement of home; but I would not repine; gratitude becomes me more than complaint.

"The Lord has indeed visited us with his salvation; the Spirit of the Lord is still working in the hearts of this people, and reconciling sinners to himself. I trust *a parent*, who has long lived with-

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out God and without hope in the world, has been led to see the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and has resolved to come out from the world and join himself to the people of God. A goodly number presented themselves yesterday and applied for admission into the church, and among them were *my dear father and my eldest sister.* Under a sense of duty I have also *presented my request.* I have fled to Christ, and humbly hope my name has long since been recorded in the book of life; but I desire now to unite myself to the visible church of God, that I may do all my Master's will, and enjoy the benefit of his precious ordinances. I long for the privilege of joining his people in the Lord's supper, believing it will be blest to my spiritual nourishment and growth in grace."

On the 29th she wrote to an aunt in Bedford; speaks of the privilege of writing as the sweetest solace to separated friends; mentions that her physician proposed trying a new remedy; and then adds:

"I feel it to be my duty to use means for my bodily health; but the great blessing is to enjoy health of soul. I can indeed say, that I never enjoyed so much peace and tranquillity of mind as for two months past. With little interruption, I have enjoyed a sweet sense of God's presence and favor.

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I think you will rejoice to hear that the Lord is visiting us with his salvation. Twenty have already joined the church over the mountain, and twenty or more expect to unite with our church next Lord's day. My father, my sister Elizabeth, and myself, are among the number who have applied for admission. As soon as convenient, after the communion is administered at the house of God, I expect the members of the church to meet here for the same purpose; and I wish my dear aunt could be with us, to commemorate a Savior's dying love. I hope to be strengthened with spiritual life, and to receive much benefit from this ordinance.

"Four weeks ago last evening my father attended a meeting at Captain C——'s. Mrs. C—— was very much distressed, and wept and cried aloud for mercy. My father saw, and, for the first time, *felt*, that he too was a sinner. His convictions were deep and pungent. On his way home, a distance of nearly a mile, he was several times on his knees in the woods, begging for mercy. When, late at night, he reached home, he had found comfort. And now, my dear aunt, can you not rejoice with me in the conversion of a parent, brought from darkness to light—from the service of sin and Satan, to the service of God his Redeemer? I have often felt thankful for a pious mother; and now I trust I have a praying father. On this pleasing topic I could long dwell, but I must close. Tell our pious friends to

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rejoice with us, that salvation has come to this place, and I trust to this house. Adieu.

"I am your affectionate niece,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

In her journal, November 15, she thus speaks of the anticipated meeting of the church at her father's house:

"A special meeting is appointed here next Lord's day, when I expect to confess Christ before the world, and enter into covenant with God and his dear people. I think I feed daily, by faith, on the *living bread;* and when partaking of the memorials of the Savior's death, I hope to be enabled to exercise a stronger faith over those simple but expressive emblems. O that my heart may be drawn forth in love and devotion to him who gave himself on the cross for me. May I be enabled to view Christ in his humiliation and exaltation; view him suffering, bleeding, groaning, dying; view him rising, ascending, and reigning; and at God's right hand living to make intercession for his people. Though I have many times before endeavored to give myself to God, may I then be enabled to give myself more unreservedly to him, taking the Lord as my Redeemer and all; and may he be my Friend and my portion for ever."

So clear was Hannah's view of her duty, and so

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ardently did she desire to *do* ALL *her Savior's will*, that we unanimously and joyfully consented to meet at her father's house, that she might have the opportunity to obey an affecting, a dying command of Christ. This meeting was appointed for the 18th of November; and after the public worship of the sanctuary, I set out with my companion for the place of her abode, distant about five miles.

I had often passed over the same ground before, but the present occasion called up associations new and interesting. I was going to carry the children's bread to one not able to receive it in the house of God; a worn and weary pilgrim; fainting, even in the morning of life, under the trials of the journey, and longing for the hour when she should finish her course, and get safely home, to rest eternally in heaven.

For the first mile the road led through a narrow valley. On the right were high hills, divided to their summits into separate enclosures, stretching away far to the south, all brown with the effects of autumnal frosts. On the left was a range of lofty cliffs, covered with oak and chesnut wherever a tree could strike its roots, now pressing hard upon the road-side, and now receding a little distance. At the southern extremity of this narrow pass, on a slight elevation, the church where we had just been worshiping the God of our fathers lifted its white spire. The road here wound around the ter-

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mination of this range of cliffs towards the north-east, leaving on the right an extensive tract of meadows level as the surface of a lake, and then led onward through another valley, till, by easy acclivities, we ascended the amphitheatre of hills which curved beautifully around on either hand and before us. They reminded me of that covenant which stands more firm than the *everlasting hills;* and I felt that all was safe that my beloved friend had committed to her Heavenly Father's keeping. The giant oaks that stood there, stripped of their foliage, stretched their arms on high, as if exulting in the better preparation of their nakedness to brave unharmed the wintry storm and bid defiance to the fury of the tempest. They seemed an emblem of the christian—established on the Rock of Ages—stripped of self—looking up with confidence for grace to sustain the storms of life, and saying, "None of these things move me." A few scattered leaves, tinged by the frost with varied hues, but still clinging to their branches, hung out their signals of decay around us; and I said, as I thought of the sick bed to which we were hastening, "We all do fade as a leaf." The sun was now and then obscured by passing clouds, and the chill winds of autumn were sweeping by us in short and fitful gusts. So varied, so changing, so uncertain are all earthly hopes; so unstable the foundations of earthly joy.

From such surrounding objects, and with such

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reflections, I reached the place of our destination, and before me lay in all its loveliness the fading flower, about to be cut down in the very spring-time of life. She gave me a smile of welcome as I took her hand: there was a calm serenity upon her countenance; the light of hope and the firm resolve of faith were mingled sweetly in her eye; while every feature spoke of solemn joy, and told of peace within.

I stood near her bed-side; the bread and wine were placed on a table before me. After a short discourse, I proposed to her the questions usual on such occasions, and to all she gave her free and full assent. The people of God were seated around me, and I broke the bread for her and for them; we took the cup of salvation, and called upon the name of the Lord. It was to me, and I believe to others, a very precious season. It was as if the times of primitive simplicity had returned, when the apostles, and those whom they had begotten through the Gospel, assembled to commemorate the Savior's dying love.

In her journal, under date of Nov. 19, she thus expresses herself in reference to this affecting occasion:

"I very much enjoyed the services of yesterday. The exercises were solemn, interesting, and delightful to me. Our pastor's text was Deut. 32: 9–12. *God's portion is his people.* Though all by right is

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his, yet how much is taken from him, and claimed by other masters, and given to other uses. His people only are *strictly* and peculiary his portion and his care. He finds them in "a waste, howling wilderness," and leads them, as a shepherd leads his lost sheep, to the fold. He keeps them "as the apple of his eye." As the "eagle stirreth up her nest" when she thinks it time for her young to leave it, so the Lord breaks up the places of worldly rest, where his people sometimes slumber wickedly, to show them that they must not fix their affections here. As the eagle "fluttereth over her young," to teach them the use of their wings; and "bears them on her wings" on high, and then lets them fall suddenly, to show them the necessity of effort; but shoots down under them, if she sees they are yet too weak to fly, and takes them upon her own wings again; so the Lord tries the strength of his people's faith, but will not let them fall utterly. When they first engage in his service, they are more led by love than faith. The Lord leaves them often to try them, and to increase their faith; but is sure to help them in due season. This was the train of thought. How sweet and refreshing!

"It was a precious privilege to commune with the people of God at his table. O may I have grace to fulfill the *solemn vows* which are upon me to be wholly his, and to walk worthy of my profession. I did find the refreshing effects of this spiritual pro-

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vision, though not so much at the time as since. I have felt his banner over me to be love. I hope it is the beginning of better days. I think I never before felt *such freedom* in giving myself to God. I sincerely desire to devote myself *wholly* to his service; to glorify him in my soul and body, which are his.

"A short time since, as I was reading and meditating on the Lord's supper, I was suddenly convicted of my sin in so long neglecting the Savior's dying command, and making no *public profession* of my choice of God's service; but after a season of grief and sorrow I found forgiveness. I have now most willingly and cheerfully obeyed; and will not he, who received gifts for men, send some *perfect good* upon his willing servant? I pray that I may honor the cause which I profess to love. May I never bring shame or reproach upon it.

"SELF-DEDICATION.

"I here, O God, by a free and deliberate act, devote myself to thy service, and entirely submit to thy requirements. I renounce the glories and vanities of the world, and choose thee as my supreme felicity, and my everlasting portion. This is my sincere determination; a determination which, by thy grace, I NEVER WILL RETRACT. O Thou, by whose power alone I shall be able to stand, put thy fear in my heart, that I may never depart from

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thee. Let not the world, with all its flatteries; death and hell, with all their terrors, entice or influence me to violate this sacred vow. O let me never *live* to abandon thee, nor draw the impious breath that would deny thee! And now let surrounding angels witness for me, that I solemnly devote all the powers and faculties of my soul and this poor body to thy service; and when I presumptuously employ any of the advantages thou hast given me to thy dishonor, let them testify against me, and let my own words condemn me.

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

CHAPTER IV.

We are now to view this humble, but distinguished disciple, as sustaining new and solemn relations to God her Savior, to the church, and to the world. She had voluntarily *given herself to God*, and, bought with such a "price" as the precious blood of Christ, she knew and felt that she was *not her own*. She was sensible that she was continued in the world for some wise purpose, and evidently that she might be useful to others. In the revival at that time Hannah was an efficient

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helper, notwithstanding she was extremely feeble, and confined to her chamber, and, for the most part, entirely to her bed. If a christian brother or sister visited her, she would *urge them to their duty* by every motive which she could command. If a careless sinner was there, an earnest and affectionate *entreaty to flee from the wrath to come* was almost always a part of the interview. Many a letter did she write to those to whom she could have no personal access, especially the absent female companions of her youth. The things that she did, her work of faith and labor of love, will be found interwoven with her whole history.

In her journal, December 10, she thus mourns and prays:

"Once more I have to seek after an absent God.

'Tis just, I own, if thou depart
From so insensible a heart;
Nor would I shun the sad decrée,
To spend my days in grief for thee.
'Tis not the painful I deplore,
But sin's benumbing, pois'nous power.
Illusive charms impede my way,
And tempt my faithless heart astray.'

"I acknowledge my unfaithfulness to God. Without the Spirit of God I find myself altogether faithless to my solemn engagements. My strength is in

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the Lord, and from him cometh *all* my help. If I trust my own heart, it is treacherous—deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. The world has often disappointed my most confident expectations; but thou, O God, hast *never* deceived me. Thou art faithful and true. Thy word is established, and abideth for ever. Suffer me, who am but dust, to plead with thee. Show me the light of thy countenance; for without thee I cannot live; my spirit dies within me. Bless me with the assurance that thou art mine, and let me once more taste the comforts of thy presence. Renew the expressions of thy goodness to a poor, ungrateful sinner. Deal not with me in severity, for shouldst thou mark iniquity, I could not stand before thee."

Miss Hobbie had entered into covenant with God, sensible that he demanded *her efforts* to build up his kingdom; that, in the infinitely wise economy which he had organized to accomplish his designs of mercy, and spread the influence of truth through the world, he could not dispense with the instrumentality of his people. However little her influence appeared to herself, she considered it due to God's cause; and, little as her strength was, it was wholly his. In order to do her duty as a soldier of the cross, she felt that she needed the joy of God's salvation in her soul, to animate her, inspire

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her with courage, and fire her with zeal. I never found her in spiritual darkness but I found her a sincere and bitter mourner. The feelings expressed in the preceding extract are those which seem ever to have existed when God's face did not shine upon her. Her first business then, was to "*seek after* an absent God;" nor did she fail to find him. Hear what she says five days after this:

"December 15. Why should I leave the fountain of living waters, for broken cisterns which can nold no water. The Lord has rebuked my folly, and put a new song of praise into my mouth. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.' Surely I choose not to forsake thee now. All my happiness centres in thee; I have no hope but in thee, and no substantial joy but what flows from thee. My *greatest fear* is that of *losing thee*, and my *greatest care* that of *securing thy favor*.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
'Prone to leave the God I love;
'Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
'Seal it from thy courts above.'"

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To a cousin, Frances M——, who had recently been awakened to a sense of her guilt and danger as a sinner, she wrote on the 18th of this month:

"The deep interest I feel in the welfare of your soul is my best apology for writing. Since I heard of your anxiety I have been very desirous to see you. I have not ceased to pray for you, that the Lord would carry on and perfect the work which, I hope, is begun in your heart. My prayer to God is, that you may have no rest until you find it on the Rock of Ages.

"If you have been led to see yourself a sinner, and now stand condemned by the law, oppressed with a sense of guilt, let me direct you to Jesus Christ, the only Mediator between God and man—the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.' My dear Frances, are you willing to humble yourself at the foot of the cross, and accept of pardon and salvation from the Savior who calls you to come to him, and stands with open arms to receive you? He is willing, and he is able. You will need the comforts of religion in health and in sickness; and did you know the happiness of a soul at peace with God, you would not rest until your eternal interest is secure. I would here tell you of the joys which flow from the love of God,

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but have not room, and must close, with my best wishes for your present and eternal welfare.

"Very affectionately yours,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

In a note, she sends her love to her cousins C—— and E——, and is very pressing upon the individual to whom she was writing, to urge them to be in earnest about their souls' salvation. There are also annexed, with a pencil, those beautiful words: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house—the place where thine honor dwelleth."

Her journal continues:

"December 24. How much reason I have to thank God for restoring to me the privilege of reading. I have just been reading, with great delight, the memoirs of a pious female, who died at the age of sixteen. Though young, she was the subject of renewing grace, which enabled her to endure, without a murmur or complaint, a painful and trying sickness of three weeks, which terminated her life. During her illness, her great anxiety seemed to be for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. She was enabled to smile upon death. O may my last end be like hers!

"Ever since I have arrived to years of understanding, I have found great delight in reading the memoirs of departed saints; and have desired to

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imitate their bright example. I feel now that God's grace alone can enable me to do it. That the Lord has renewed my h[illegible] heart I cannot doubt, after the evidences I have received of his covenant favor. O that he would loose my tongue and enlarge my heart to praise him for what he has done for my soul; then would I shout the praises of my Redeemer while I can speak. But now, how slow are my returns of praise! How backward to acknowledge his goodness! If I cannot speak the praises of my Redeemer on the earth, how can I hope to join the happy choir above, in singing praises to God and the Lamb for ever and ever?"

"January 1, 1828. Another year is gone, and I still linger and wander, a stranger and a pilgrim here, far from my native home.

'Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
'And bring the welcome day,
'When I shall reach that peaceful clime:
'*Must I yet longer stay?*'

"I am tired of these vanities, and the world grows more and more insipid and uninteresting. It has lost its power to charm me. With cold indifference I view these transitory glories, inspired with *nobler prospects* and *vaster expectations!* By faith, I see the promised land; and every day brings me nearer to the possession of my heavenly inheritance. There shall I see my God, not through a

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glass darkly, but *face to face.* Then shall I be 'satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness.' I look forward with joy to that happy period when my earthly pilgrimage will end; when 'this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality:' when this trying warfare shall be finished, and when the last conflict with my spiritual enemies shall be over. Then shall I cry, through my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, *Victory,* VICTORY!"

"January 6. I have for some time desired to experience some change: that the Lord would either restore me to health, to activity and usefulness in life, or that he would prepare me for himself, and take me to a better world; for, what am I, in my present condition, but a poor worthless creature? But I would, gracious Father, that thou shouldst glorify thyself in me. Should it be thy will that I should still linger upon this bed for weeks, months, or years, may I say at all times, and under all circumstances, *Thy will, O Lord, be done,* and not mine. Comfort me by thy word and promises, and support me by thy grace, in this season of languor and trial. May thy grace be sufficient for me, and thy strength be made perfect in my weakness. Though weak in body, make me strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Should this sickness prove my last, O that my reason may be continued, that I may be enabled to glorify God

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in my dying moments. 'When my flesh and my heart fail, be thou the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'"

"February 3. Shall I cease to record the goodness of Divine Providence to me, the least and most unworthy of all the servants of my Lord. His goodness pursues me with unwearied course. Every day's experience brings me some new evidence of his faithfulness. As the week begins so it ends, with a series of mercies. And what shall I render for all these unmerited favors? How prone is my ungrateful heart to forget his benefits, or make miserable returns! Blessed Lord, again do I dedicate myself to thee. Though the world entice me, yet in thy strength, in the power of thy might, *I will not consent.* Though it offer the choicest gifts, I *will hold on my way.* Nothing henceforward do I desire to know but Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

"February 11. Still under chastisement; but in every pain I desire to recognize the hand of my heavenly Father. This renders the affliction light. I find the grace of God sufficient for me. The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also shall become my salvation.

"Yesterday was to me a most delightful day. I was enabled to read the word of God with unusual pleasure. I found much comfort in prayer, and could say with the Psalmist, 'In the multitude of

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my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.'

'How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
'In hope of one that ne'er shall end.'"

On the 25th of February she wrote to a cousin whom she had not seen since she was a child, but of whose conversion she had just heard:

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—As I am denied the pleasure of a personal interview with you, I must have recourse to a letter. It is so long since I saw you, that I can form, probably, no correct idea of your personal appearance; but since the glad news of your hopeful conversion, I have felt how *near we now are to each other.*

"I heard of the death of your little brother, and sympathized with you in the bereavement. When I last saw him, it appeared to me that he would not stay long here. He is gone! And now, my dear friend, let the number of his days teach us that life is short, awaken us to diligence, and animate us in the performance of every duty; knowing that we must soon give up an account of the deeds done in the body, and reap our reward.

"The revival of religion has not yet ceased with us. It is now nearly six months since it commenced. Twenty-two have been added to our church, and next Sabbath a number more will

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join. Additions have also been made to other churches. Meetings among us are still frequent and interesting. My father appears to be very active and zealous in the cause, and spends much time in attending meetings and visiting the anxious and inquiring.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

The following thoughts from her journal are beautiful and impressive:

"March 5. I have now been without medical assistance more than a year. My physicians find that the natural powers of my constitution cannot of themselves effect any improvement of my health, and think it advisable to enter upon a new course of treatment, in which they feel some confidence. Should I be restored to such a degree of health as would enable me to associate with society, I feel as if, by the strength of grace, *I should exert myself to the extent of my ability* in the cause of my ever-blessed Redeemer; for his love and mercy towards me demand my *whole service* and my *highest praise.*

"My physicians give me flattering hopes of being raised from my sick bed; but I dare not anticipate much from *such a hope*, lest I should be disappointed. O that the Lord would keep me from all vain

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and unprofitable desires after earthly joys, and suffer not a diminution of my love to him, who is the centre of all my happiness. While I submit to the direction of an earthly physician, I would commend myself to the care of the great Physician of soul and body; for 'he maketh sore and bindeth up: he woundeth, and his hands make whole.' He will be with me in six troubles, and in seven he will not forsake me."

In the same delightful strain of heavenly-mindedness and close discrimination as to the genuineness of her exercises, she continues her record:

"March 14. How cheering are the frames of soul which are given me! I have often inquired, why is it thus with *me?* I can only ascribe it to the goodness of God. I know it to be great folly to build on a frame of soul, and that the noblest attainment is to *go wholly out of myself*, and rest *only on Christ.* If I do otherwise, I provoke him to depart from me, because I place the *effect* of his presence in the room of *himself.* These glorious manifestations I ought not to *rest upon*, but seek them only for refreshment. I often feel satisfied *in the gift*, when I should honor him that bestoweth it; then he withdraws his visits, and refuses to come again till I confess my folly. Hence it is that I feel so many changes; sometimes on Mount

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Pisgah, then groping in the valley of Achor; sometimes walking in the light, then without the sun; sometimes permitted to come to his throne of grace with boldness, where he fills my mouth with arguments then kept back by a cloud around it, that my prayer cannot pass through, and that I cannot order my speech by reason of darkness; and all this to chasten me for my folly, and make me adore his sovereignty. When he is absent, despair comes; when present, spiritual pride is apt to spring up; but while he in wisdom *goes* and *comes*, it keeps my soul in exercise; it prevents me from sitting down in sinful security or delusion—it keeps every grace more active. His *coming keeps me from despair*, and *his absence from spiritual pride.* Yet, Lord, I do plead that thy presence may cheer me while traveling through this dark wilderness; for if thy presence go not up with me, I shall faint by the way. O may thy Spirit dwell with me, and seal me for salvation!"

In reviewing the journal from which these extracts are taken, I have been forcibly reminded of conversations with her which had passed entirely from my memory. I often find in it traces of these interviews. This accounts for that which once I was surprised at beyond measure, viz. that she preserved the most clear and distinct recollection of what I had said, though months had passed

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away. I find she carefully noted it down at the time in her journal; and as she was in the habit of looking over that very frequently, to compare her feelings and exercises, and ascertain her progress in the divine life, the subjects of conversation at these interviews came frequently before her mind; and her constant habit of gaining instruction from every thing which could possibly give it, led her to treasure up, with peculiar care, all that she heard in reference to the concerns of her soul, and the dealings of God with her.

I have often been deeply affected with the eagerness with which she sought light on subjects which were not very clear to her mind; and have as often been delighted to see the independence which characterized her reception of the truth. She would ask questions, and state difficulties, if she really thought they existed, until every doubt and perplexity was removed, and her view of the matter was clear and satisfactory. Sometimes, when the subject of inquiry respected the dealing of God with her own soul, and she was at a loss to account for the course which he was taking with her, I have seen her lie, with her full blue eye fixed upon me with an earnestness which I cannot describe, while I was suggesting what might be the designs of infinite wisdom in the matter; and if I succeeded in clearing away the cloud, she would gently close her eyes (evidently in prayer) for a little season, and then

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with a smile of satisfaction would say, "*It must be so.*"

One day I learned from her mother, before entering her chamber, that she suffered much in body, and that her mind was also in darkness; she feared that God was *angry with her.* When I entered the room, and she gave me her hand as usual, it was with a sad countenance; she looked at me with such a pleading earnestness, that I was greatly moved. For a moment I was at a loss what to say, for I saw that she was miserable. Those beautiful lines of Cowper soon came to my mind,

> "Behind a frowning providence,
> "He hides a smiling face."

It was all I said. She fixed her full gaze upon me for a minute; then gently turned away her head and covered her eyes with her hand. I stood by her for a minute longer; the tears were slowly stealing between her white fingers; I knew she would be in prayer for a season, and softly retired into the room with the family. The door being open, I could see, from where I sat, the bed on which she lay. For some time she remained still in the same position; and when she moved, it was to wipe off the tears, now almost dried, from her cheek, and look up to tell me that *all was right.* I went to her, and heard her acknowledge this, with full confidence in the promises—though yet, she said, it was

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trusting God in darkness. Yet she believed that God was merciful in laying upon her all these burdens, and that they would work together for her good.

"Perhaps," said I, "you have been rejoicing, not in God, but only in the comforts which he gives you: if you do this, he will surely teach you that he will not give *his glory* to any; and when any thing stands between you and *him*, it *must*, by some process, *be removed.*"

She saw the difficulty before I left her, and in prayer I commended her to our common Father's keeping. It was evidently in reference to this occasion that the foregoing extract was penned; for a flood of light soon after burst upon her soul, and she rejoiced *in God her Savior.*

Four days after this she recorded some views of her afflictions, which should not be omitted.

"March 18. I have now been confined almost *five years.* It is a long time. But in this providence I behold the wisdom, power, and goodness of God. I know, I feel that it is good for me that I have been afflicted. How little did I know of God, of religion, of myself, before I was brought to this state of trial! What mercy and grace have been displayed in my case! I consider not that pain and sickness come by chance, but by *the will of God.* When disease came upon me, then I saw that I was poor, and wretched, and helpless,—then I saw the

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vanity of all earthly things—that Christ alone could help me—that religion was the *one thing needful;* and that all else is dross, in comparison with the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus. I believe that this affliction was sent upon me at first to *correct* evil, and is now continued to *prevent* it. It shows me my sin, and I am humbled under it. What an evil and bitter thing must sin be, when it brings, even in this life, so many pains and such deep distress. O Lord, I would humble myself under thy chastising hand; and when I feel this tabernacle shaken, as I daily do, may I remember that it must soon fall."

"April 4. O the importance of making a wise improvement of time! I confidently believe that the whole number of my days will be few; and this consideration leads me repeatedly and earnestly to inquire, *How can I spend my time, strength, and ability in the way that will be most subservient to the glory of my Heavenly Father, and for the good of my own soul?* I have been able for some time to read at least a chapter in the Old Testament and one in the New every day, and a little in other religious books. This course I intend to pursue while I have strength; but I often regret that I read to so little advantage. What *can be* the cause? I attribute it to my too often endeavoring to understand the Scriptures without divine assistance. I regret that I make so little proficiency in

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grace and knowledge. In future, I would look to God for his blessing and guidance in all my researches after divine instruction.

"In my exercises of devotion, how the weakness of flesh hinders! how it disturbs my peace! O when shall I be released from this prison, that I may serve God without infirmity and without sin! How short is life! How precious are souls! How awful is eternity! I feel for the souls of others. I feel the obligations I am under to the God of my salvation. How much has he done for me! Now, what shall I do for him? O how shall I set forth his glory, and speak of his goodness towards the children of men?

"Father of spirits! thou from whom all light, life, and strength proceed! may I be an active instrument in the promotion of thy glory. O that my temper and conduct may exert a holy influence, and be the means of doing good, that in my present feeble state I may not be altogether useless."

"April 6. The *welcome day* has again returned, the day which to me is a day of joy, of instruction, and of praise. While many profane it, I desire to spend it in the service of my Lord and Master. How many pleasing reflections occur to my mind! This day commemorates the triumphant resurrection of my blessed Savior. It calls me to hold communion with my Lord, and to devote myself with renewed zeal to his service; to anticipate an eter-

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nal Sabbath of rest, where I hope to enjoy the divine presence, and be employed in celebrating divine praises for ever."

On the 13th we met again at Mr. Hobbie's, to give Hannah an opportunity of joining with us in the *Lord's supper*. I preached on that occasion on the subject of the *Christian pilgrimage;* showed how the path lay through a waste, barren wilderness; that the Lord had not only provided a glorious land of rest for his people, but, in this journey, had provided many places of refreshment by the way; such as *the Sabbath, the word, the sanctuary, the mercy-seat, his table,* &c. This is all minutely referred to in her journal for the day, which closes thus:

"I thank God that I have again been favored with an opportunity of waiting upon him in the ordinance of the Lord's supper. It was a pleasant, and, I think, a profitable season to me. O that my seasons of communion here below may prepare me for an eternal communion with God in heaven!"

"April 16. Have had great discoveries of the depravity of my heart this day; and, under a sense of it, am constrained to cry, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner!' If I am not guilty of those sins which appear great in the sight of men, yet I bewail those of which none on earth can accuse me.

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I am often led to cry to God in the language of David, 'Cleanse thou me from secret faults.' O for grace and strength to *crucify sin!* O that I might walk in all the statutes and ordinances of the Lord blameless."

"May 9. This day have been *carried into the garden.* It is now eight months and eighteen days since I was out of the door. How delightful the return of spring! Should my strength permit, I will go out for the purpose of seeing more of the Creator's power and wisdom. Should it be so, the Lord grant that it may lead me to a more delightful contemplation of his wonderful works."

"May 18. In taking a review of the last three months, I find I have made very little progress in grace or knowledge. Although I have, at times, been favored with sensible exercises of grace and elevated joys, I have experienced interposing seasons of darkness, one of which lasted nearly three weeks. Great weakness of body *seemed* an excuse for being less watchful. My medicine, also, tended to stupify me. I soon found myself at a lamentable distance from the Lord of life. I was convinced of my folly, and felt reproved for having almost willingly departed from God. I had brought myself into a dreadful state of darkness; the Lord had departed; and O, the anguish of my soul! I could compare it to nothing but the pains of those who are shut out from the presence of the Lord, to

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dwell in the blackness of darkness for ever. But though *perplexed*, I was not *in despair*. The language of my heart was, 'Turn me again, O Lord God of hosts; cause thy face to shine, and I shall be saved.' I have gradually been brought again to the enjoyment of light and comfort. I feel greatly humbled for my awful backslidings, and feel more my dependance on God. The hiding of God's face is indeed a sore chastisement; but it teaches me to trust him in the dark—to live by faith.

"I resolve to make this an era in my life. I have this morning called to mind my former vows and promises, and have been enabled to look to God by faith, for grace to influence me to the continual performance of them."

CHAPTER V.

The concluding paragraph of the last chapter represented this devoted disciple as calling to remembrance her vows and pledges to the Lord her Redeemer, and as making this an important *era* in her short but remarkable life. Such it really was. To those who saw her, she appeared from about this time to be preparing daily for a purer and

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happier community than earth affords—to be ripening for heaven. The attentive reader will discover this in her journal and letters.

About this time a sister in the church, long and deservedly beloved and respected, became, by some inscrutable providence, subject to seasons of melancholy, which terminated in mental derangement. She was long afflicted in this distressing manner, and enlisted universal sympathy, for she was universally esteemed. With respect to this dark dispensation, Hannah thus writes:

"Thus God deals with her. Why is it that she, who for years has given evidence of possessing the love and favor of God, is thus dealt with? All that I can say is, that I doubt not it is for some wise and good purpose. We are short-sighted, and therefore should be humble and submissive. The ways of Providence are often, to us, dark and mysterious. Yesterday was the Sabbath; and, by the request of her friends, the church met, at the intermission of worship, to pray for her. O that she may yet be blest with the exercise of her reason; that her dear friends may have the consolation of seeing her in her right mind; and, when called to leave the world, may she depart in peace and triumph."

"May 23, 1828. Have just received a visit from a female friend, one of the companions of my childhood. I have not seen her before in a long time.

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When at the age of eleven or twelve, she appeared to be penitent; but, I think, has given no decided evidence. While here, I conversed with her upon the important subject of her soul. She admitted that she knew nothing of the comforts of religion, but seemed to realize its necessity, and the vanity of all earthly enjoyments. I endeavored to show her the importance of seeking *the Lord while he may be found.* She was much affected. I told her if it was her desire to give herself to the Lord, I would gladly pray for her. She said it was. O that she may be born of God. I rejoiced in this opportunity of conversing with her; I trust it will do good.

"How many *opportunities of usefulness have I lost heretofore!* I might have been the means, perhaps, of a blessing to many souls. I often feel condemned for my silence; but, such is my natural timidity, as well as bodily infirmity, that I am often deficient in duty. Surprising as it is, I often feel a sinful reserve when conversing upon the all-important subject of religion; when, at the same time, I can speak freely upon other subjects. O that my mind were more impressed with divine things; that I might be better prepared to set forth the glory of God, and speak to all of his goodness. When I consider how little I have done for God, for the honor of Christ, and the good of others, I am constrained to cry, O Lord, renew my strength, increase my faith, and love, and zeal."

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"May 26. Yesterday was the funeral of Miss O—— L——, (referred to in a preceding paragraph.) Our dear sister was indeed afflicted with great and sore troubles towards the close of her life, not having been favored with the exercise of her reason, except at very short intervals. I cannot but trust that she has made a happy exchange. While the Lord is preparing and receiving one and another into a blessed communion with himself in his church below, he is making others ready for, and calling them to a more glorious communion with himself, with saints and angels, in the church triumphant above. This is the second member of our church that has been called away since I became connected with it; and perhaps the next coming of our Lord will be for me. This providence shall help me to be in readiness. I think I would fain leave all that I hold near and dear on earth, to go and possess an everlasting inheritance in heaven. Nothing is here to detain me—nothing that can win my affections from God. While I continue here, I shall probably be subject to temptations and sin; but O may I never be left to discourage myself in unbelief, as did my sister L——. God forbid that I should ever be so ungrateful as to doubt my interest in the great atonement, after having been blest with so much light and evidence, and such a long continued assurance of his love and favor. I often feel reproved for this sin of unbelief.

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I know I have an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the object I love. The Lord pardon me; and when the evening of life sets in, may I enjoy the light of thy countenance. As my outward man perishes day by day, may my inward man be day by day renewed; and O, may I retain the free use of all my mental faculties, in their undiminished energy, in my last moments, and bear an honorable testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, when on the eve of departing to receive the crown of righteousness, which the conquerors shall wear."

(To her cousin Frances M——.)

"*Northeast, June* 10, 1828.

"My dear Cousin ——, As you sent your love to me in your letter to sister Elizabeth, I assure you I received it with much pleasure. I do indeed thank you for your kind remembrance, and, agreeably to your request, I now engage in the delightful employment of writing to you. I hope you enjoy a comfortable assurance of the love of God, and daily make proficiency in grace and knowledge. By your letter, I am made acquainted with the feelings of your heart, and am pleased to find them so much in conformity with the religion of Jesus Christ. From the views which you have of your own heart, I conclude you have indeed been blest with the influences of the Spirit of God. If you in-

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deed know the Lord, you surely must feel your obligations to acknowledge him before the world, and publicly devote yourself, with a pure heart and a willing mind, to his service; for, be assured, my dear friend, by so doing you will find liberty, joy, and abundance of peace to your soul. I know not but you have made a public profession of your attachment to Christ before this; but if you have not, I hope you will soon be constrained, by the love you bear to the Savior, to take up your cross and follow him, regardless of what the world may say of you; unreservedly give yourself to God in an everlasting covenant; and, trusting in him, perform your vows. Seek to know the Lord's will, and ask of him grace to do it.

"O how can we duly estimate the unspeakable love of God manifested in our redemption! How great the price that ransomed us! It calls upon me to surrender my all to him, as I have many times, in the strength of the Lord, endeavored to do—to be his willing and obedient servant. As often as I feel myself constrained to dedicate myself anew to him, I never fail of receiving so often the blessing of peace and comfort to my soul. When I consider the abundant goodness of God to me, the least and most unworthy of all his servants, I am lost in wonder, love, and praise. It is by the grace of God alone that I am made to differ.

"Some who, perhaps, know but little of the life

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and power of religion, have concluded that I must be miserable, because deprived of health, and made to suffer so much and so long. But ah! how mistaken! I know, by experience, that to be deprived of the light of God's countenance *alone* can make me truly miserable.

"Since the first of March, we have tried new medicines, but without effect. I never expect to enjoy health again; but think I shall go gradually down to the grave. I am confident I fail. In general, I sit up about an hour in the day. I know not that I have any choice whether to live or die. I feel myself an unprofitable servant. But if I choose to live, it is that I may do something for the glory of God, the honor of Christ, and the good of others.

"This mortal frame of mine has more and more the appearance of death. Indeed, I have something like the image of death continually before me, which reminds me of its near approach, and which makes me feel the importance of being continually prepared to meet it. If I know my own heart, I have no fear of death, and often think I could welcome it, as the sweet messenger of peace.

'Our life, how short! a groan—a sigh;
'We live—and then begin to die:—
'But O how great a mercy this,
'That death's the portal into bliss!'

"And now, my dear Frances, let us put on the

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whole armor of God. That grace which will enable us to stand against the foes which daily assail us, will also bring us off conquerors over death.

"I have not room to say much with respect to the state of religion amongst us now; but we trust the Spirit of the Lord has not departed. Some are yet inquiring the way to Zion.

"I am your affectionate cousin,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

Her journal thus proceeds:

"June 26. When I look abroad from my window, from the place of my long confinement, and behold the face of the earth revisited with the beauties of summer, I think, O that I could now and then retreat into some solitary shade, far from the noise and bustle of the busy scenes of life. Often would I betake myself to such a spot, consecrated to meditation and devotion.

"How delightful to trace my Maker's hand in his works! O Lord, thou art near in every thing around me; but nearer in thy Son. In the heavens I see thy wisdom and power; but in thine Anointed I see thy grace and share thy love. Thou art near in the works of thy hands, to convince Atheists; but nearer in thy word of grace, to convert sinners and comfort saints; therefore in my confinement I will think upon thy word, peruse the divine pages, and dwell upon the plan of redeeming love,

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where all the attributes and perfections of God beam forth with a radiance and beauty that cannot pass through the grosser creation; too bright for the eye of seraphim to fix upon. Here then will I study and learn for eternity!"

On the 7th of July, having heard from a minister, providentially in the place, a sermon from Gal. 5: 22, 23, on the *fruits of the Spirit*, she thus expresses herself:

"I have endeavored to examine myself by this, and some other texts, to know whether I am indeed a child of God; whether I have the Spirit of Christ. If I have not, I am none of his. But herein I may know, if I possess the fruits of the Spirit mentioned in this text, which alone constitute the christian character. Happy the soul which is endowed with 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance! against such there is no law.' I do think the attainment of these divine qualifications so essential to my present and future happiness, that, were I intentionally deficient in the least of them, I should consider that I had no right to expect an inheritance among the sanctified. I feel my weakness and imperfections; but am confident of this one thing, that he that hath begun a good work in me will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. The hope of a blessed im-

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mortality is predominant in my breast; and I feel happy in the conclusion, that in some measure I possess the Spirit, and bear its fruits; and I hope, through grace, to go on from one degree of strength unto another, till I arrive at a perfect state of holiness, through Christ, my Lord, in heaven."

We pass on to July 31, when she seems to have had a very oppressive sense of her insensibility and ingratitude, and of the depravity of her heart. I never knew a person who appeared to see more of their own vileness than she did; and seldom have I found one so pained in heart on account of it. She says,

"I have been favored with an unusual degree of comfort and strength of body for a little time past; and how reasonable that all the powers of my soul should be engaged in the delightful service of my Divine Master! But to these mercies I have been almost insensible. Surely it is of the mercy of God that I am not consumed. I am surrounded with mercies, yet feel myself a vile and ungrateful wretch. The more I receive, the more insensible I seem. Alas! what has been my life, but a life of rebellion against God, and ingratitude to him. Such is the depravity of my heart, that, at times, it appears almost swallowed up in the pollutions of the world. Behold, I am vile! O Lord, let not

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iniquity prevail against a careless and a sinful creature! *Save, or I perish.* I beseech thee, purify my sin-defiled soul. I have no righteousness of my own; I come pleading for mercy alone through the merits of Christ; I would lie low in the dust, and confess my sins, and acknowledge my unworthiness. Send thy reviving grace, I pray thee, and strengthen my soul. That which I know not, teach thou me. If I have done iniquity, O for grace that I may do so no more! Suffer me not, O Lord, to live in a state of carelessness and indifference. Let this renewed experience of my weakness and wretchedness influence me to seek more earnestly that grace by which alone I can be kept from falling into the greatest sins here, and into the depths of misery hereafter."

It is worthy of observation, and yet no more than might be expected, that there is no instance, as I believe, in all her christian life, when she poured out her soul in such deep repentance and self-abasement for her sins, and in such fervent desires for new life and quickening grace, in which she was disappointed of a speedy answer to her prayer. She felt that it was a matter of the utmost moment to be assured that her heart was right with God, and that God was her Friend and her portion. She could not be satisfied without the joy of God's salvation and the upholding of his free Spirit. On

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the 5th of August we see this clearly exhibited.

"I earnestly besought the Lord that he would make me more sensible of his goodness; discover to me the evil of my heart, and show me wherein I do wickedly, that I might repent and reform; and now I praise his name that he has graciously condescended to hear my prayer, and in a measure to grant it. I acknowledge his faithfulness, and would here record his goodness to his poor, ungrateful servant. I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast appeared for my help.

'I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
'And drove thee from my breast.'

"I look upon him whom I have pierced, and mourn. Lord, bless me with a broken heart, and lead me weeping and mourning for my sins, all the way to Canaan, *if need be*. O for wisdom to direct my unwary feet! Lord, I would learn at the feet of Jesus alone—learn thy will—learn to do it, and learn to bear it. 'Make me to walk in the way of thy commandments, for therein do I delight.'"

"Aug. 10. How shall I recount the many blessings I have enjoyed of late. The Lord has, in wisdom, taken from me some outward mercies, yet, I trust, with the blessed design of showing me greater. I have suffered, at times, an increase of bodily pain, and find my strength more impaired; but O how great the mercy that enables me, in the bit-

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terness of pain, to be peaceful, happy, resigned, and even cheerful. Nothing intrudes so much upon the calmness of my mind as a sense of my own vileness and unprofitableness. The words of an eminently pious lady, who often tasted the cup of affliction, frequently occur to me, and I feel a pleasure in adopting them as my own: 'Let me never complain of the burden of suffering, while I remember my manifold transgressions; but rather wonder at the Lord's gracious long-suffering, and admire his goodness, who is, with the chastisement of his love, driving me to heaven, when he might, by the strokes of his wrath, have long since driven me to hell.'

"This is the Lord's day: I am debarred the privileges of the sanctuary. 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! my soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God!' O when shall I appear before thee! They are called blessed who dwell in thy house. 'They go from strength to strength.' Though deprived of the blessing of God's house, yet I rejoice. The Savior has said, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' Surely in the word of the Lord is abundant consolation; therefore I will delight myself in it; and in his law my meditation shall be sweet.

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"At the beginning of another week, and on this holy Sabbath, (as I have long been wont to do,) I desire to *renew my covenant* to be the Lord's; and may the blessing of the Lord be upon me through the week."

The blessing of the Lord was upon her; and she delighted to do good as God gave her opportunity. The same week, besides many other things which she did, to show her love for God and evince her strong desire for the good of her friends, she wrote to a cousin, recently married, the following letter:

"*Northeast, August* 15, 1828.

"My dear Cousin,—As we are now separated far from each other, and deprived of the happiness of personal intercourse, I avail myself of an opportunity of addressing you by letter. The scenes of our childhood often occur to my mind, and the time has been when I took pleasure in thinking upon them; but now I look back with shame and regret, that the time we spent in those amusements (however innocent they then appeared) had not been occupied in preparing for future usefulness in this life, and for a never-ending eternity. But as it is of no use to dwell upon our past errors, except to repent and reform, let our time past suffice to have done wickedly, and may we, in time to come, do only that which is good.

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"We were led by the hand of Providence in the earlier stage of life apparently alike, in the same smooth and even course; but how vastly different have been the dealings of God with us since! While *you*, to human appearance, have been led quietly along, blessed with uninterrupted health, enjoying the pleasures of youthful folly, and the comforts of this world; I have been led through *a wilderness of sorrows;* afflicted and rendered incapable of joining my gay companions in the follies and amusements of life. I have now no relish for them. But here let us learn wisdom; for the hand of an all-wise Providence hath done it all. Sinful and foolish, we naturally prefer the poor and short-lived pleasures of this world to the happiness which religion offers us; but happy is it that some are not left to their own choice, which would lead them on to irrecoverable ruin. My dear friend, I can most truly say, that it is all in love that I have been chastised. By this I have been led to see the error of my ways; to embrace the Savior in such great love provided, and walk in the way which leads to happiness and heaven.

"O how happy should I be, were I assured that you too had been convinced of the evil of sin, and that you forsake and abhor it as rebellion against the God of heaven. It is a pernicious cup; drink it, and it brings eternal death. We have seen but a few years of human life, yet I doubt not, as

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you look back, even now, you can say with me, 'childhood and youth are vanity.'

"As you are now settled in life, you probably expect to live long in the enjoyment of domestic happiness; but be entreated, my dear cousin, not to permit the concerns of this life to engross your time and your affections. O consider that you are mortal—that all beneath the sun is fading and transitory; and let this excite in you an immediate concern for the welfare of your never-dying soul. I pray you, delay not the important work of repentance; but 'remember now your Creator in the days of your youth,' before the evil days come, when you will say, 'I have no pleasure in them.'

"My health, upon the whole, is no better than when you last saw me. You recollect my promise, that if I ever found strength enough I would visit you at S———; but as I did not anticipate much the pleasure of doing so, I am not at all disappointed. I fancy I see you, many times, seated in your new habitation, alone and pensive, your mind fixed upon your native place, and perhaps sighing for the company of those to whom you have so long been attached. But I hope you have found in S——— a society kind and obliging, which will in a measure make up the loss you have sustained by a removal.

"I should be highly gratified to receive a few lines from you, and to know how you have en-

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joyed yourself since you left your father's house. Sister E. sends love.

"Perhaps my letter is of too serious a character to meet your approbation; but I think the importance of the subject a sufficient apology for even more than I have said. I consider it most worthy of my own time and attention, and surely there is none upon which I so much delight to dwell, either in my meditations or my interviews with others. My sincere desire is, that you may profit by it also.

"Your most affectionate friend and cousin,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

There is in this letter an admirable simplicity, an honest fidelity and frankness, mingled with an easy and touching allusion to former scenes and friendships, which are well adapted to the great object she had in view, in respect to an individual not only careless of her soul's concerns, but averse to the whole subject.

(To an aunt in New-York.)

"*Northeast, August* 23, 1828.

"MY DEAR AUNT,—I acknowledge the receipt of the recent tokens of your affection, and return you my sincere thanks. It would be rude in me not to express my gratification on hearing that you

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have also named your little daughter *Hannah Hobbie*. I was surprised that such a mark of affection should be conferred upon the most unworthy of all your friends and connections. Be assured, that while I retain the use of my faculties, it will be my happiness to commend her in my prayers to the special care of a merciful Providence. O that she may be a child of grace—an everlasting monument of divine love and mercy!

"We are very much pleased with our young cousins. I am happy to discover in them, at so early an age, such an inclination to obtain useful instruction. I learn that they are favored with the privilege of attending Sabbath-school when at home, and I trust the instruction they there receive will be a lasting benefit to their souls. I rejoice to hear of the flourishing state of the churches in New-York; that though iniquity abounds, grace does much more abound. I rejoice to hear, also, of the prosperity of Zion in other places. I learn that the Lord is reviving his work in G——. O that it may extend to the dear society of our friends in B——. The revival which has existed in our society for a few months, has, in a measure, subsided; but the pious among us are still awake to duty more than before. A Sunday-school has been commenced this summer at the church, and has, we think, increased our congregation not a little. The school wears a pleasing aspect at present; and I

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think, if continued, it will greatly alter the character of the place, and be an inestimable blessing to us. I esteem this the best plan ever adopted for instilling into the minds of children and youth the all-important things of religion. How necessary to have good teachers! Such as have the love of God in their own hearts are demanded, and ought to be obtained. How favored are we in this enlightened and peaceful land! We may truly sing of mercy as well as of judgment. O that we may ever see and acknowledge the hand of God in this, and in every affair of life, and learn to adore him in all his dealings with us, whether in prosperity or adversity!

"I sympathise with you in your afflictions, and pray that the best of heaven's blessings may rest upon my dear uncle and aunt and their family, especially upon my little namesake.

"Please to give my love to uncle and aunt C. and tell them I know not how to be sufficiently thankful for the Tracts they were so kind as to send me. Your affectionate niece,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

I now come back to her journal with delight; indeed, when I designed to make selections for the public eye, and took it up for that purpose alone, I have often been insensibly betrayed into a continued and absorbing perusal of it for many pages; while my heart has become affected, and my sensi-

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bilities strongly awakened. It has thus often engaged my attention, and drawn forth the tear, when I only sat down to select for others. Under date of August 29, she thus writes:

"O for language to extol the religion of Jesus! O for an angel's tongue to proclaim the wonders of his grace; to sing the praises of him who has given me to share in the comforts of his pardoning love! Surely, never did my heart possess more sincere love to God; never did I more ardently desire the promotion of his glory and the enlargement of his kingdom than of late. By the love of God I have been constrained to exercise faith in the promises of his word, and have been led to *discern so clearly* the hand of God in answer to prayer, that I think I may *never again distrust him.* The mercies of a kind Providence are, to me, a sufficient incentive to more diligence in duty, more activity in his service. Though languishing on a bed of sickness, I am surrounded by kind and affectionate friends, ready to administer outward comfort, and, many of them, inward consolations. Some, more distantly related to me, have of late evinced their attachment and sympathy in a peculiar manner.

"While this is so, and those who are bound to me by the ties of nature are ever desirous of performing kind offices for my temporal good, can it be justly said that I am a child of adversity? In the

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midst of bodily suffering the Lord is pleased to lift upon me the light of his countenance, which puts into my soul the most sublime joy and gladness. I have trusted in his mercy, and I am enabled to rejoice in his salvation from day to day."

Soon after this date her physicians despaired entirely of her recovery. The ravages of a relentless disease, working its issue with a process so painful and distressing that probably few have ever been placed under circumstances equally trying, were now developing themselves with more distinctness and inveteracy. None can judge of her sufferings from her journal or letters. We, who saw her, could form a better opinion; but as she seldom complained, even when her countenance strongly indicated the raging of the terrible commotion which frequently racked her frame with agony, even her most intimate companions and attendants, I am certain, knew little of what she really suffered. To this interesting point her history is now brought; but as that occurrence stands intimately connected with a subsequent season of uncommon brightness in her christian life, I reserve it for the succeeding chapter, which will embrace a season of about three months, wonderfully marked with the light of her Heavenly Father's countenance.

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CHAPTER VI.

JOY AND TRIUMPH IN GOD.

It is a solemn thing to think of dying; to bring the awful reality *home* to ourselves, and fix the eye steadily upon it. Visions of death, dim and distant, have often flitted before those whose eyes may fall upon these pages; but did they ever come *very near*, and clothe themselves in something like the distinctness of reality? To feel the fangs of a fatal disease, fastened with a firm and relentless hold upon our vitals; to contemplate the grave as our speedy abode, and lie upon its verge, without hope of rescue from its dark and dreary dominion; to say to corruption, thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister; these will try the heart as it never has been tried before. It is a trying thing to leave all below, and that *for ever;* to part with the kindred who have grown up by our side; who have met with us at the same table, and warmed at the same fire; who have endeared themselves to our hearts by a thousand proofs of true and tried affection.

My dear reader, did you ever think of dying? Remember that death *will come* upon you and upon me. Not all the fortifications that we can throw

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around the citadel of life will arrest the entrance of the destroyer for a moment.

The cold hand that has stopped the vital current so often, and peopled the grave with so many generations, will one day be found thrusting in its icy fingers upon the fountains of life within our bosoms, and feeling after our heart-strings. Perhaps you think *that* will be an hour of consternation and dismay. But grace, almighty grace, what can it not accomplish? It can smooth the rough pathway of life, and has done it for many a mourner. It can make the soul calm, and even joyful, in the immediate prospect of death. Such grace was given to Hannah Hobbie.

The following passage in her journal will show her feelings when the physicians in attendance announced to her that they had no hope of her recovery:

"September 12. A long and faithful application of the means prescribed for the restoration of my health has proved ineffectual. It appears to be the Lord's will that I should labor under a complication of disorders, which will *inevitably* bring me down to *the grave. There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.* Notwithstanding all this, I have reason to adopt David's language, and say, 'How many are thy thoughts of mercy towards me; how great is the sum of them.

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Thou hast made me glad, according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted me;' and, praised be thy name, that, though abandoned by earthly physicians, I yet may have recourse to the great Physician of souls, who is 'God over all, blessed for evermore.' Unto him I apply; to his will I most cheerfully submit; and in it I freely and fully acquiesce.

"To thee, O Lord, I consecrate my all. In thy service I desire to spend all the remnant of my time upon earth. I beg that thou wouldst instruct and influence me so, that, whether my abode here be longer or shorter, every day and hour may be used in such a manner as shall most effectually promote thine honor, and subserve thy wise and gracious schemes of providence. Use me, O Lord, I beseech thee, as an instrument for thy glory, and let me, either by doing or suffering what thou shalt appoint, bring some reverence of praise to thee, and of benefit to the world in which I dwell."

The following was written on the 26th of September, to an aunt, also a child of affliction:

"It appears to be the Lord's will that we should yet continue in the school of affliction, and I hope we are both making proficiency daily in the wise and important lessons which it so effectually teaches. I consider it the best of all schools, because the Teacher is heavenly and divine.

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"I think I can say, with humble gratitude, that my spiritual joy and strength, for a short time past, have surpassed any thing which I ever before experienced. O that I may not forfeit the continuance of the Lord's mercies, by forgetting this season of his loving-kindness. 'Tis true, I have been occasionally disturbed by temptations, but in the strength of grace I have been enabled to resist; and my faith, hope, and joy have been, for the most part, abiding.

"I desire to bear testimony to the truths and comforts of religion, that others may be encouraged to 'fight the good fight of faith,' trusting in the Lord, who *alone* is our righteousness and strength. I hope my dear aunt enjoys much of heavenly comfort while passing through this world of trouble. Let this, especially, afford abundant consolation, that the hour of release will shortly come. Let the consideration of the shortness of life contribute to reconcile us to its trials.

'When a few more years are wasted,
'When a few more months are o'er,
'When a few more griefs we've tasted,
We shall rest on Canaan's shore.'

"O how precious to the believer are the promises of the Gospel! how sweet the consolation the book of God affords! may it be our guide until death! Farewell.

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

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"October 3. I here record as among the multitude of the Lord's tender mercies to me, an unworthy worm of the dust, that last evening a minister, almost a stranger in the place, was providen tially led to our house, by missing his way. O the happiness I enjoyed in joining with him in conversation and prayer. In conversing upon heavenly and divine things, especially about the dealings of God with myself, I felt a freedom which I seldom have felt before. Truly, it was a delightful season to me; one which, I trust, will long be remembered. How sweet the society of the friends of the blessed Jesus! O how do I love them that bear my Savior's image, especially the ministers of the Gospel."

I had at this period frequent interviews with this beloved child of God, and found that, though her "outward man" was perishing day by day, there was the most gratifying evidence that she was growing eminently holy. All that she said evinced the energy of her spiritual life—the daily *renewal* of the inner man, and displayed the power of divine grace ripening her spirit for heaven, while the flesh and the heart were failing under the pains which she suffered. At intervals, however, God kindly gave her a partial relief from excessive distress of body, and such seasons were always precious, because they afforded opportunities to be more useful to others, and to enjoy the society of her christian

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friends. She was always calm at this season, under the full and delightful impression that her interests, for time and eternity, were in the wisest keeping. During the period on which we have now entered, I never heard her mourn over any thing respecting her outward condition but this, that she was kept away from the house of God; and she bowed always to this deprivation with a sweet and quiet spirit, because it was her heavenly Father's will.

The attentive reader has discovered, doubtless, that God was gradually manifesting himself to this *waiting* disciple more and more, and apparently preparing her for some precious tokens of his loving-kindness. These expectations were evidently excited in herself, and, step by step, she was brought nearer and nearer to God, until a full and refreshing blaze of light burst upon her in unclouded glory; and for a considerable time not a single doubt obscured her spiritual vision. But I hasten to adopt her own language, in giving a view of God's dealings with her at this interesting period of her history.

"October 6. Shall I cease to speak of the divine favor? Shall this long season, in which I have enjoyed peculiar benefits, be forgotten? O Lord forbid it! While I have strength to use my pen I will record thy goodness; and when I am no longer able to do this, I will *think* with delight upon all

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that I now enjoy, and turn back to these records of thy doings with me, that I may praise thee for the past, and be encouraged to trust thee for the future.

"It is one of the Lord's mercies, that my body, so feeble, is supported under the elevated comforts and ecstacies of joy which I, at times, experience in meditating upon the glorious attributes of God. It is now some time since darkness or doubt has disturbed my peace; and I find my joys almost daily increasing. O for a heart and tongue to magnify the Lord, who is manifesting the riches of his grace to such a poor, worthless sinner as I am! What unmerited mercy! Yet these blessings are offered in the Gospel, to all such as *seek diligently* for them. Shall I then be satisfied with a *crumb*, when I may *be filled* with the *bread of life*? How can I be content to dwell here, when there are so many mansions on high, where is happiness unmingled for evermore!"

"October 10. Mr. H———, the minister who missed his way and came here last week, attended a meeting with us last evening, and preached from 1 John, 3 : 1; 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.' Application and address by my dear pastor. Through the blessing of God, I was enabled to hear the word, I think, with faith and profit.

"I am still enjoying sensible communion with

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him whom my soul loveth, and abundantly filled with heavenly consolations. Yet I have a *thorn in the flesh;* something to keep me from being lifted up with these large measures of comfort. I feel my own helplessness. O Lord, be thou my help, and let me not forget that my safety is in thee. May I not grieve thy Spirit, nor fall into folly that shall provoke thee to depart."

"October 12. My mind has become almost wholly absorbed in the contemplation of heavenly and divine things. The time has been recently, that it was with *difficulty I could disengage my thoughts from these things to obtain sleep for my feeble body.* Last night was almost a sleepless one; and to-day, though I feel weak in body, yet thanks be to God, who strengtheneth me with might, by his Spirit, in the inward man. All these blessings I believe to be obtained by the prayer of faith; and I am confident that the Lord is about answering prayer for me, in many things which of late I have so much desired, in a most wonderful manner. I have found these words true in my own experience, 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.'"

"October 13. Last night I enjoyed refreshing rest; and as I am permitted to see the return of this, *my natal day*, in such comfortable circum-

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stances, I resolve to devote the strength of it, in a great measure, to God, in thanksgiving and prayer. This last year of my life has been the happiest, and I think the best. Although I have come far short of doing my duty to God, yet I trust I have been graciously accepted of him. One evidence of this is, the great blessings he is now conferring upon me, in answer to long-continued and earnest prayer that he would renew my spiritual strength, increase my faith and love, and give me more zeal in his service, and for his glory.

"When I look upon the many blessings herein recorded during the year, I am filled with wonder and praise. I MUST *sing of mercy as well as of judgment.* And now, O Lord, on this day I give myself entirely to thee, to do with me as seemeth good in thy sight; only enable me to say at all times, and under all circumstances, *Thy will be done.* O that Christ Jesus may be manifested in me, whether it be by *life* or *death;* and let me have this evidence that my path is that of the just, that it 'shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.'"

"October 15. This day I have not such elevated comforts as I enjoyed three days since; for then, in consideration of what the Lord was doing for me, I could only wonder and adore. But thanks be to God that I still joy in the Lord, my trust and my salvation. I know that it is only by humbly waiting upon thee that I shall obtain blessings;

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therefore my waiting eyes are unto thee; for giving doth not impoverish, withholding doth not enrich thee, and thou art ever ready to communicate unto such as are of a broken heart and a contrite spirit. My heart aspires after more holiness, greater conformity to thine image. If I am indeed *a branch* of the *true vine*, wilt thou purge my heart, that I may 'bring forth more fruit;' and 'as the branch cannot bring forth fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine,' O that I may abide in thee, and thou in me, that I may 'bring forth much fruit.' O that I may keep thy commandments and abide in thy love, that my joy may be full."

"October 18. God and his salvation have become a theme of the most delightful contemplation. The hope that I have been washed in the blood of atonement—that my feet have been plucked from 'the horrible pit and the miry clay,' and set upon the Rock Christ Jesus, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail; and the fact that I am now permitted to drink so freely of the cup of salvation, are causes of perpetual joy and thanksgiving.

'Perpetual blessings from above,
'Demand perpetual songs of praise.'

"For ever blessed be thy name, O most gracious God, that thy Spirit has excited in my heart such fervor of love to thee; for surely, if ever I knew what *hunger* is, *I do hunger after righteousness*—af-

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ter greater conformity to thy blessed will. If ever I knew what it is to *thirst, I do thirst* for God, for the living God, and pant for the more abundant communications of his favor; if I ever desired *rest* and *refreshment* for this body, my soul, with sweet acquiescence in thy will, *rests*, dear Savior, upon thy bosom, and returns to its repose in the embraces of God, who hath dealt so bountifully with me."

"Oct. 19.—In contrasting my present happiness with all that the world ever offered, I cannot find words to express how poor, and mean, and despicable all earthly gratifications appear to me, when compared with this joy and peace which now fill my soul.

'God is my all-sufficient good,
'My portion and my choice;
'In him my vast desires are fill'd,
'And all my powers rejoice.

'In vain the world accosts mine ear,
'And tempts my heart anew;
'I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
'Nor part with heaven for you.'

"When I look back upon all the way in which the Lord has led me, it is with gratitude that I acknowledge *the blessing of this long bodily affliction*, as the means he has appointed to bring me to a knowledge of himself. Although the way has been peculiarly trying to my sinful nature, yet the more

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I reflect upon it, the more I adore him who has done it.

"I consider it a special mercy, that external objects are in a great measure shut out from me, so that I may enjoy more entirely spiritual things. How different my situation from that of those who have not God for their Friend! O! how do I pity those who have no comfort but such as this world affords! How should I love God for giving me grace to cheer and support me under his chastening hand! Surely nothing but the grace of God could enable me to endure so long without complaint. For several months I have not felt the smallest disposition to complain—the least rising of any thing like impatience. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within me bless his holy name.'"

"Oct. 20. Feeling myself inclined this day to wander from the object of my love—from the source of my inexpressible joy, I have found occasion to be more earnest in prayer, and frequently raise my heart to God for the continuance of his favor. O that I may continue to delight myself in the Lord, then will he give me the desires of my heart. May I commit my way more entirely to him, and trust also in him, that he may bring to pass what I pant after; that he may 'bring forth my righteousness as the light, and my judgment as the noon-day.'

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"Lord, thou hast said that thou wilt 'withhold no good from him that walketh uprightly.' O 'put away iniquity far from me,' that thou mayest continue thy loving-kindness towards me; and glorify thyself in me yet more abundantly, through the riches of thy grace."

"Oct. 22. I still enjoy the light of God's countenance and the consolations of his Spirit, which are neither few nor small. Unto thy name, O Lord, be all the glory, for thou art my *strength* and *song*, and thou art become my salvation. Unveil, I beseech thee, the beauties of thy character to me yet more and more, that I may see thy glory as it is manifested in thy works of creation, of providence, and redemption."

"Oct. 29.—*The Bible has become my chief study.* It is a delightful employment. I read it with increased interest. The more I read it, the more I love it. Alas! how little knowledge I obtained of the Scriptures before I sought the illumination of the Holy Spirit in reading them! I am persuaded, that, as the Scriptures were inspired at first by the Spirit, they owe all their influence and effect to the Spirit's co-operation. Not long since I was made particularly sensible of my ignorance of the Scriptures, and felt reproved for my former inattention to them. I therefore besought the Lord more earnestly to instruct me and enlighten my dark mind, desiring him to teach me by his Spirit, in all things, the

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meaning of his word, that I might grow in knowledge and grace together more and more; and surely I have not looked in vain for the blessing. I have had such experience of the truth of God's word, that I can fully adopt the language of David, 'I will praise thee with my whole heart; I will praise thee for thy loving-kindness and thy truth, for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.'

"The *Psalms of David* I find peculiarly adapted to the devotional frame of my mind. Bless the Lord, O my soul, who has given me to delight in his holy word! 'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul. The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart.'

"O Lord, give me faith in thy word; what I know not teach thou me. I will hide thy word in my heart, that I may not sin against thee. O let thy word be 'a light unto my feet, and a lamp unto my path,' according to thy gracious promises, which in Jesus Christ are 'yea and amen.'"

"Oct. 31. I have to sing this day of a great deliverance which the Lord, in his goodness, has wrought for me. The passing scenes around me had, in a great measure, diverted my mind from spiritual and divine things. A circumstance (alluding to the contemplated marriage of a sister) which is seldom attended with much seriousness, is

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about to take place in the family. It absorbed my thoughts too much, notwithstanding my constant endeavors to prevent it. Satan laid a snare for my soul, but the Lord 'upheld me by the right hand of his righteousness,' and has restored to me the joy of his salvation. O thou all-sufficient Friend, unto thee do I look for grace to help me in this time of need! Give me the shield of faith, by which I shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and the whole armor of God, that I may be able to stand in the evil day."

"Nov. 7. Yesterday I in some measure forgot my Almighty Helper, and satan sought to take advantage of my soul, through the weakness of my body; but at evening I received strength to call upon God, and thereby obtained grace as my day demanded it.

"This afternoon I expect a visit from my dear pastor; and in the evening, the Lord willing, I shall again hear the sweet sound of the Gospel from his lips. The Lord seal instruction to my heart, and bless the means of grace which I enjoy, to my soul. Let me not be a *forgetful hearer*, but a *doer of the word.* O Lord, make thy word effectual this night to the conversion of souls."

I visited her that day, as she expected. She welcomed me with unusual joy, but she was evidently in more than ordinary pain. There was a mingling

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of serenity and agitation in every feature of her countenance, which denoted the struggle within, and proclaimed the present crazy tabernacle to be unsuitable for the permanent abode of a spirit aspiring after eternal life and peace. Her cheek was flushed, and her eye, occasionally, was restless; but peace was reigning triumphantly, notwithstanding the fruitless efforts of an already defeated enemy. Her state of mind was heavenly, and pain of body could not permanently disturb it.

Having ascertained this, I felt anxious, as far as her strength would allow, to know whether she could look upon the evidences of her hope steadfastly, and derive satisfaction from inspecting its foundations. She had enjoyed a long season of spiritual prosperity; her sky was all cloudless and serene, while a fair and steady breeze was wafting her towards the haven of rest. I feared that she had been LOOKING ALOFT so long, and contemplating with such absorbing delight the swelling canvass under which she was pressing onward, that she had almost forgotten the dangers that lay in her course, and remembered not that she was yet upon a treacherous and stormy ocean. I seated myself at her bedside, and spent a short time in testing her heart by the touchstone of eternal truth. The interview of that day comes up, even now, before me with the freshness of the scenes of yesterday. She stood the trial well.

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The character and law of God, his government, his will, his salvation, his Sabbath and ordinances she loved; Jesus Christ was precious to her soul; the Word of God was her delight, and her guide in all things; the people of God her dearly beloved and chosen companions, and sin the object of her unmingled hatred. She relished the truth, and rejoiced that God's precious promises secured its future and universal triumph, while she pitied with her whole heart the miserable and perishing condition of a benighted world. Without prayer she could not live; and, weak and languid as she was, she was devising (as will presently be seen) plans to render herself more extensively useful while she remained in the field of labor.

I felt as if a word of caution was nevertheless called for, and this settled the subject for the evening's discourse. Of this she speaks largely; the following are extracts:

"Nov. 8. The text last evening was Mark, 13: 27. *What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch.* I fear I have been too unmindful of this duty; the Lord grant that I may henceforth be more diligent in this respect; and may the solemn admonitions, the all-important lessons I received, make an abiding impression on my mind: may I lay up the word in my heart, and practice it in my life. The Lord bless him who watches here for souls, and make

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him faithful over his charge; O strengthen his hands and encourage his heart, and return into his own bosom sevenfold his labors of love among us."

"Nov. 10. I cannot easily, nor would I, forget the solemn impressions I received from our pastor the other evening, while in his sermon he exhorted christians to awake to their duty, and try to do good to sinners around them, and proposed to our serious consideration the inquiries which may be made of us, in respect to the discharge of this duty, in the day of judgment. I have since resolved, in the strength of the Lord, to make it a part of my great business *so to discharge my duty to my neighbors*, whose souls I ought to love as my own, that at the last great day of trial, when I shall be judged *according to my works*, the blood of souls will not be required at my hand. Shall I, who have named the name of Christ, and upon whom rest the most solemn vows, shall I slumber while the broad road that leads to death is so crowded? 'Deliver my soul from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation.'"

"Nov. 16. The work of *redemption* is a great mystery. The angels desire to look into it; and it is often to me a subject of delightful contemplation. But who can comprehend the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, or know the love of God? Praised be the Lord's name, that he has established his covenant of grace with men, and that thousands

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in every age have rejoiced in its inestimable blessings. To him be glory for ever, for the happy assurance that he has made with me 'an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure;' for this is all my salvation, and all my desire."

"Nov. 25. Notwithstanding my forgetfulness of God, my ingratitude and remissness in duty, his loving-kindness is still manifested towards me. He is merciful to my unrighteousness, and I would acknowledge his goodness with humble gratitude. When my foolish heart has felt disposed to leave him and fix on inferior objects, he has proved to me his unwillingness to forsake me. For several days I have maintained almost a continual warfare with my soul's enemies; earth has sometimes gained a share of my affections, when at other times it has had no power to charm me. How, O my soul, canst thou be delighted with these transitory glories when in pursuit of nobler objects, since God is the object of thy supreme love, and all thy desires centre in him?

'What sinners value I resign;
'Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine.'

"O Heavenly Father, forbid that I should leave thee, for thou art the fountain of life whence flow streams of inexpressible delight. Let not the passing scenes around me divert my mind from spiritual things; let nothing impede, but every

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thing further my progress heaven-ward; that I may *grow in grace until I am perfect in glory.*"

You have seen, christian reader, the love of God as it was manifested to this humble but distinguished individual: now pause and inquire, Do I walk in the light of God's countenance day by day? Do I enjoy these sweet, and animating, and refreshing views of his love? Does the Savior manifest himself to me as he doth not unto the world? You will perhaps say, *she* was highly favored; all may not look for such seasons of unmingled comfort and assurance. But why was the loving-kindness of God thus manifested to her? We know he is sovereign in bestowing his mercy; but she sought it earnestly by faith. She found from the Bible that God did hold such sweet communion with his children; and she took hold of his covenant with a firm grasp—with a heart panting after God—and with the words of the patriarch upon her lips, *I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.* She wrestled with God, and prevailed. All that she enjoyed is set before you. All these tokens of the Divine favor, these antepasts of heaven, it is, in the strength of divine grace, the privilege of every christian to possess. By faith and prayer you too, as she did, may walk in the light greatly comforted. "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." As you travel onward to heaven,

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you too may *look for* and HASTE UNTO *the coming of the Son of man.* You may drink deeply at the same fountain of life; you may *rejoice* in the same salvation; you may live under the same sunny skies, and breathe the same refreshing and delightful atmosphere of love. O that we may be followers of those who, through faith and patience, have become inheritors of the promises!

CHAPTER VII.

As the design of Miss Hobbie in keeping a journal was chiefly to preserve the passing exercises of her mind, that she might avail herself of the benefit of frequently reviewing them, she was not in the habit of recording much of what she DID in the service of God. There was in her a modesty and diffidence in reference to this point, exceedingly delicate, and perhaps too sensitive. I discovered this early, and found it a uniform trait of her character; not knowing then that she kept a journal at all. By her silence in respect to her efforts to be useful, I am thrown almost entirely upon my own recollection, to gather up the fragments of her active

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exertions in her Master's cause; and probably but a small part of her endeavors for the good of others ever came to my knowledge. But I have treasured up enough to shame us all, who have more strength to labor, and better opportunities of extensive usefulness by mingling with society, from which she was in a great measure excluded. For the greater part of her time she was confined closely to her sick bed, weak, emaciated, and often agonizing under severe pain. But feeble as she was, she did much for her Master's glory; her faith was exemplified by her works. If the clusters of fruit can speak for her, she was a true branch of the living vine; for they were rich, and they were many. In a condition where few would have thought of doing any thing—where the distressing anguish that wore away her strength would have been deemed a justifiable exemption from active exertion in the Lord's vineyard, her burning zeal would not allow her to be idle; she studied how she could still be useful to the world while she remained in it.

She exerted her influence with many, both christians and others, in *personal conversation*, as they visited her chamber, with reference to their souls' salvation; and some, I trust, will meet her at the judgment, who will be as jewels in her crown of everlasting glory and rejoicing. More than fifty letters were *written from her sick bed* to different individuals, all of them breathing the same refresh-

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ing spirit of evangelical piety and deep concern for souls.

As has been seen, she pitied the perishing world, and felt called upon to do *what she could* for its rescue from the dominion of sin and the prison-house of eternal despair. She exerted herself successfully with her *female christian friends*, to form a benevolent society for the purpose of *assisting missions;* a society which, as her records show, consisted of eighty members, and with a little assistance from the congregation, soon made their pastor a life-director of the Missionary Society by the payment of one hundred dollars. That precious band of sisters, as I have learned, are yet steadfastly pursuing their object and abounding in labors of love.

There is now lying before me *an address*, written by her, which was read at their first meeting, and heard with delight and profit. One thought she expresses should speak to all who profess attachment to the ordinances of God's house: "We enjoy the light of God's word, and most of us the constant preaching of the Gospel. We have, richly, all the means of grace necessary for our salvation and the present comfort of our souls; and may not *our estimate of them* be measured by the *pains we take, and the sacrifices we make to communicate them to others?*" The same spirit of active benevolence will appear, from time to time, in all her remaining history.

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It will also be seen, that the Lord, in infinite wisdom, saw fit now to withdraw, in some measure, the rich consolation which for a long time she had almost uninterruptedly enjoyed. She was not yet to be taken from the world, and under this discipline gained a knowledge of her own heart and of duty, which perhaps she would not have obtained had the light of God's countenance still been lifted upon her in such unclouded splendor.

Under date of December 2d, she thus complains of her insensibility:

"I dare not say that the God of mercies has, in a great degree, withholden his blessing, but rather acknowledge my dreadful insensibility, at which I have often been deeply astonished. O when shall I awake from this death-like stupidity?"

"December 6. O to know my own heart! O that I were more sensible of my exceeding depravity! O the pride of my heart! Put away, Lord, I beseech thee, *the pride of my heart;* that thou mayest receive all the glory for the great things which thou hast done for me. Take off from me the filthy rags of my own righteousness, that, being entirely naked, I may be clothed with the righteousness of Christ. May I walk softly in the valley of humility all the days of my life. O for more fervent love to God, deep humility, and strong faith."

At this time the Lord in mercy granted a gentle

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season of refreshing from his presence to a single and distant section of the congregation; and it greatly rejoiced her heart. From the commencement of our meetings in that neighborhood she had been unusually anxious that God should grant his blessing, as it was a place of peculiar desolation; and I always attributed much of the success which attended our efforts to the fact, that she and others were *helping together in their prayers for us.* She thus speaks of it:

"December 7. Joyful news! The Lord is pouring out his Spirit and reviving his work in a part of our society. Some are already rejoicing in hope, while others are crying for mercy.

"When I think of my former danger, how can I slumber while thousands are yet exposed as I was? The Lord has heard my humble prayer for myself, and, glory be to his name, I have seen, I think, in some measure, my desires upon others. O for the fulfillment of them yet more and more! O that the Lord would revive his work in the hearts of his children, especially those of this church, and pour out upon us a spirit of prayer for the conversion of sinners and the enlargement of Zion! O Lord, visit us again with thy Spirit; have mercy on precious souls; carry on thy good work of grace in the neighborhood where thou hast begun it; and may that place, which has long been a seat of the most

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profane wickedness, soon become a habitation of holiness, and a dwelling for our God."

Such was the character of her letters, that the pastors of the churches to which her friends belonged, in some instances solicited a copy for publication. Several letters thus found their way into the religious periodicals of the day, which greatly surprised and affected her. Of this she thus speaks:

"December 12. I have been informed that some of my late letters to my friends have been published. Can it be that there is any thing in them that is worthy of public notice? It may be; for as the diamond, though unpolished, possesses intrinsic worth, so the truths of the Gospel, ever excellent, will be relished by true christians, even from the pen of the most unlettered individual. Blessed be the Lord who has made me to know and understand that he is God, and besides him there is no Savior; and has influenced me to declare his mercy, goodness, and truth. Shouldst thou, O Lord, make me, in anywise, serviceable to others, unto thy name be all the glory. Blessed be thy glorious name for ever and ever, that thou hast manifested the riches of thy grace to such a poor, unworthy sinner! O what distinguished mercy!"

"December 14. Have just been reading of an eminent christian, though he was a plain uneduca-

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ted man, and moved in the humble walks of life. Most works of a biographical character place before us the lives of persons eminent for their *station* and *talents*, as well as *piety;* which is calculated to produce an impression upon many minds, that such excellence is not to be aimed at, except by those who, in the providence of God, possess similar advantages. But if we do not *aim high*, we *cannot reach* spiritual eminence. God requires perfection, nor can he, consistently, require less. So then I will aim to be perfect, as my Father in heaven is perfect. I will 'press forward toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Here is the secret of her distinguished piety. She fixed for herself *a high standard*, and *steadily pursued* the great object at which she aimed. She was weak and languid in body—the reader perhaps enjoys health and vigor. Use them then for God; employ them steadfastly for the same ends; and through divine grace you will be successful.

"December 19. Time flies swiftly, and the question arises in my mind, *What am I doing for God?* My guilty conscience is forced to make the painful reply, *Nothing!* For several days I have been sorely grieved with a view of the sins of others, besides being greatly burdened with a sense of my own. I am astonished at the iniquity that

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abounds. Alas! my wicked heart also, what a fountain of corruption! A retrospect of the past fills me with surprise and grief. I have to mourn over a carnal mind, a rebellious will, and an unprofitable life. O that the Lord would grant me true repentance! O that a sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin might lead me to forsake it! O that I could abhor it; and that myself and others might repent of provoking sins, and walk humbly before God all the days of our lives."

"December 20. O that I were more sensible of the purity of the divine law and the preciousness of Christ; that I could feel more sensibly the insufficiency of my own righteousness, and humbly and implicitly rely on the merits of Christ for justification before God!"

"December 24. Last evening my sister T—— was united in marriage to Mr. E—— W——. Let their union be long and happy. O that both may embrace thankfully the great salvation; remember their Creator in the days of their youth; and be instrumental of building up the kingdom of Christ greatly! May they assist each other in preparing for glory, and at last be received into heaven, where they 'neither marry nor are given in marriage.'"

"December 25. This is said to be the day on which the glad tidings were brought by the angel of the Lord to a perishing world, eighteen hundred

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and twenty-eight years ago: 'Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for to you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.' Well might the angels sing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' Well may the church break out into loud songs of praise. O what stupendous love! O that this exhibition of love might warm my cold and languid affections!"

"December 27. Saturday evening.

'Safely through another week
'God has brought me on my way;
'May I now a blessing seek
'On th' approaching Sabbath day;
'Day of all the week the best,
'Emblem of eternal rest.'"

"December 28. Bless the Lord, O my soul, through whose goodness thou art permitted to behold the return of another *Sabbath*, under circumstances of so much mercy. I feel myself under unspeakable obligation to devote myself, my all, my life to his service; but I feel myself an unprofitable servant; I fear I am a cumberer of the ground. O for the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit to put new life into every duty; and more especially at this time, when I am sensible of so much coldness and formality. To-day my father is to be set apart as an officer in the church. The

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Lord grant that he may be duly qualified, and fulfill the duties of his station in the fear of God. O that the Lord would be pleased to bless this church, and enlarge the borders of Zion! O that he would lengthen her cords, and strengthen her stakes. Bless, O Lord, all thy churches; 'let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' I long to have the millennial glory come, when all the earth shall be filled with thy praise!"

"January 1, 1829. Another year of my life's short pilgrimage is gone. What vast numbers during the year have closed their mortal existence, and gone to try the realities of eternity, while I am spared to see the beginning of another year. For what do I live? a poor, vile, unprofitable creature! I am sick of sin; I am tired of this lassitude!

"Deeply impressed with a sense of my innumerable sins, my utter nothingness and unworthiness, I am constrained to make renewed application to the blood of Christ which 'cleanseth from all sin,' that I may be prepared to stand before the throne of God. I would let the time past suffice for sinning; I would now resolve, in the Lord's strength, to *break off sin* by righteousness. O that I may no longer be engrossed with my *little self*, but seek alone my Master's glory! may I live for God, and act for eternity.

"I desire to live as 'a stranger and a pilgrim'

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below, that 'when my earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, I may have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

"January 4. *Sabbath.* O that I could go up to the house of God with the multitude who keep holy day! O that I could meet with them to-day around the table of the Lord, to commemorate a Savior's dying love! but a good and gracious God has determined it otherwise with me, and IT IS WELL. I rejoice that the Lord is making accessions from time to time to his people here. O may those who this day in his courts, before God and men, enter into a solemn covenant to consecrate their lives to his service, consider what the solemn vow binds them to do, and keep that vow for ever! O may they never bring reproach upon the religion of the cross, but manifest its power before all, and be blessings to the church and to the world!"

I soon again visited her. It was near the close of the day, in the dead of winter. All around me as I passed along, was locked in his cold embrace. As I emerged from the narrow defile where the church stood, and turned to the eastward between it and the grave-yard, the latter attracted my attention, and spoke to my heart. All within its enclosure looked more cold and desolate than ever. There stood the monuments of the departed, some

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of them weather-beaten by the storms of many years, while others, more recently erected, contrasted feebly with the snow, almost as white and pure as itself.

I had stood by many of those graves and seen them closed over the blasted hopes of the mourner. There I had seen the tears of affectionate sisters falling fast and freely upon a brother's coffin. There I had witnessed the sighs of those who were left childless, and the agony which wrung their bosoms as they thought of the desolation that would meet them in the home of their former joys, when they should return to see the little empty chair, and sit down to weep together in their loneliness, and there I had sympathized with the bitter sorrows of widowhood and orphanage. All was still in this empire of corruption. The silence of the death-sleep was there. Plans, and purposes, and toils, and cares, all were ended; and those whose flesh rested in hope of a blessed resurrection, were waiting the summons of the last trumpet, to call them, in a glorified body, to their home in heaven.

Thoughts of eternal scenes occupied my mind as I proceeded; the subduing admonitory influence of death and the judgment was upon me, and for a moment the veil seemed lifted, that I might look in upon another world, and call up before me the solemn realities which will one day displace the expectations of deluded man.

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The noisy crows were hurrying to and fro, clamorous for their evening repast, before retiring to their nightly resting-place. The full clear whistle of the quail was heard from the neighboring stack yard. The little snow-birds, braving the storms of winter without anxiety or distrust, were picking up their scanty pittance from the pathway before me. The patient sheep, closely huddled into a living mass, were quietly waiting in the fold their expected supplies, and the ox was lowing for his fodder. By all I was instructed. I was reminded of the restlessness of man in pursuit of the things that perish! of the care of God for the sparrow, much more for the children of his love—of the spirit of the little flock to whom the kingdom is promised, and to whom it will be given, though they may wait long, and lift the eye of faith in meek submission, under severe and trying seasons of denial. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." O that Israel would know! O that men would consider! Why should we give Jehovah occasion to testify against us, and to call upon the heavens and the earth to witness, with horrible astonishment, "I have nourished and brought up children, but they have rebelled against me!"

Indulging such reflections, I found myself at length at the residence of this meek sufferer. She was unusually tried with the deceitfulness of her heart. Sin was dreadful in her view; and she fear-

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ed, notwithstanding her hope continued as an anchor to the soul, that this terrible enemy might yet ruin her. She was greatly agitated in the conflict which she was vigorously maintaining. It seemed to me, as I listened to her bitter complaints of herself, and her ascriptions of righteousness to God, that her anchor was indeed cast within the veil, but the billows of a furious tempest threatened to overwhelm her: I was anxious to see the storm abate, and suggested many sources of comfort; but all seemed unavailing. Presently I said to her,

"Do you remember that Jesus Christ is a Mediator between God and you?"

"Yes, sir," said she, "and his name is precious."

"Do you know," said I, "what offices he sustains as a Mediator?"

"He is a Prophet, a Priest, and a King," said she, looking at me, apparently in wonder at the question.

"Well, let us look at him a little as a Priest. This office consists of two parts, his *sacrifice* and *intercession*. The sacrifice has been finished *once for all;* but he has not yet finished his intercession, has he?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know that 'if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, who ever liveth to make intercession for us?'"

"That is true; the Bible says so;" (after a short pause,) "I know it is so."

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"You know that you cannot plead your own cause with God; but here is an Advocate whom the Father *always hears;* and when Jesus pleads with his Father for you, *he will be heard;* remember, too, that as an Intercessor, Jesus sympathizes with his people under their trials; for 'we have not a high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was, in all points, tempted like as we are, yet without sin. It behoved him to be made like unto his brethren' in all things, that he might 'know how to succor them that are tempted.' Do you remember the dreadful trials through which the Savior passed?"

"I do," said she, and her voice faltered.

"He remembers them too," said I, "and will he not feel for a poor suffering sinner, struggling in the deep waters which overwhelmed his own soul?"

Her eye kindled as I was speaking; a rich vein of consolation was struck, and I doubted not the waters would flow freely. Before I left her she seemed more calm, though there still remained an abiding dread of sin. The next passage in her diary is as follows:

"Jan. 22. Jesus, how precious thy name I Heavy-laden with sin and burdened with guilt, I find relief in the thought that there is 'an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous, who ever liveth to make intercession for us, and is able to save

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unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him.' To me belongeth shame and confusion of face, because of all my sins and follies; but how consoling the thought, that there is a High Priest who is 'touched with the feelings of our infirmities.' *Jesus* pleads for us poor sinners, and by his merits renders us acceptable. I love him; I accuse myself; I hate this carnal mind. In view of my sins, I abhor myself, and repent as in dust and ashes. O that I could put this worthless world behind me, and live as becometh an heir of immortality!"

"Jan. 29. A remark in the Rev. Legh Richmond's diary respecting himself, I would at present adopt as appropriate to my own experience. 'Much ado about nothing; and little done about the one thing needful.' Every day brings me nearer to eternity, and I want to feel—*sensibly feel*—that I am advancing towards the kingdom of heaven. I long to be more spiritual—more heavenly-minded—less conformed to the world, and more transformed by the renewing of my mind, that I may prove what is that acceptable, that good, that perfect will of God."

To Miss L—— H——, a neighbor, a member of the same church, and also a very intimate friend and fellow-sufferer, she wrote the following letter:

"*February* 6, 1829.

"My dear Friend,—Affliction is a mark by

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which a gracious God oftentimes distinguishes his beloved disciples. I feel it to be a blessed truth, that the Lord chasteneth those whom he loveth. I am aware that where grace is, trials will not be wanting. I delight to trace the doings of divine mercy, and as I find them in no case more conspicuous than in my own, I gladly tell you what God has done for me since I last wrote you. I desire to do it with no other motive than to extol his abundant grace, and magnify his great and holy name."

Having spoken minutely of the state of her health, she proceeds:

"Thus you see I still linger under a protracted illness, but when I compare my pains with my mercies, they are but as a drop to the waters of the ocean. The precious promises of the Gospel and the smiles of my heavenly Father abundantly sweeten the bitter cup.

"The spring was to me rather a dark and gloomy season, but it was succeeded by a gradual increase of light, which poured in, ray after ray, upon my dark and benighted mind, and kept continually increasing, till about the beginning of October, when all darkness was dispelled, and for two or three weeks especially, my beloved friend, it is *beyond the power of words to describe the happiness and*

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blessings I enjoyed. So transporting were the exercises of my mind, that at times sleep departed from my eyes. The glorious perfections of God, the infinite loveliness of the Savior, the great plan of salvation, were the delightful and absorbing themes which occupied my mind. The thought that the God of heaven should condescend to visit in such a glorious manner a vile and worthless worm like me, filled me with wonder and admiration, and occasioned continual joy and thanksgiving for many days. Like Peter on the mount of transfiguration, I fain would have tarried; but infinite wisdom and goodness taught me that I must come down and wander again in this wilderness, and 'dwell in the tents of Kedar.'

"I have since had sore conflicts with many foes, and have been conversant with grief, painful anxiety, and fearful despondency, concerning myself and others. But the more I reflect upon the way in which the Lord is leading me, the more cause I find to love and adore him. Often I think of these beautiful lines, and exultingly acknowledge his sovereignty over me:

'Good is the way by which my steps he leads;
'Sweet is the pasture where my spirit feeds;
'Bright are my prospects in the world to come,
'And a few steps will bear me safely home.'

"Perhaps what I have said of the joy and peace

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I have found in believing, may tend to dishearten you, if you have not felt the same; but let me tell you, my dear friend, growth in grace is not to be measured by joys or raptures. These are the comforts of a christian faith and hope, but humility and love are the substantial graces. It is, nevertheless, desirable to rise above all earthly gratifications, all transitory glories, and from Pisgah's summit view with an eye of faith, though afar off, the promised land—transcendently glorious—abounding with satisfying riches, large as our desires, and lasting as our souls.

"But such a state does not long suit an earthly inhabitant. Pride, that *dreadful pride*, would soon ruin us in so high a place; we should lose sight of our helplessness, and forget our dependance on God. May we ever live in obedience to the commands of God, make his law our delight, and strive to be wholly conformed to his will; may we ever have a deep sense of our vileness and unworthiness, while we exalt Christ our Savior and our all.

"How necessary to *know our own hearts!* I think my dear friend is by no means a stranger to hers; I very much regret that I am so little acquainted with mine; but the little knowledge I have of it, convinces me that it is *deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.* So deceitful, that it is folly in the extreme to trust it, and so wicked, that sin stains most deeply the purest actions of my life. But

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of what avail is a knowledge of our hearts, unless we apply to the great Physician of souls, who alone can cure the disease of sin, and wash us from all its pollutions? I think I do feel the need of a continual application to him for the blood of sprinkling. What abundant consolation do these words afford, *The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.* He is *exalted to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins.*

"How much do christians lose from an *undue attachment to the world.* I know it is alluring, and Satan is busy baiting us with it, to draw us away from the one thing needful. But are there not still greater attractions in the cross of Christ? Over all the lusts of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life—over every enemy, the Captain of our salvation, if we follow him, will cause us to triumph. Even Satan shall be bruised beneath our feet shortly. Let his people follow him, and lean on him, and they will neither be barren nor unfruitful in the work of the Lord.

"O how should a sense of the shortness of time, the unutterable worth of the soul, and the solemnity of eternity awaken us, and make us not only anxious for the salvation of our own souls, but also for the souls of the precious ones around us. Alas! how many are going on heedless to the eternal world, without an interest in the Savior; and shall we not lift the warning voice, and above all, plead

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with our great Advocate in their behalf, that he may be glorified in their salvation?

"Standing as I do upon the borders of the eternal world, I wonder, I am greatly astonished, that I am not more affected with eternal realities. With a heart glowing with supreme love to God and compassion for souls, I should not fail to recommend the religion of Jesus to those around me—that blessed religion which has been my consolation and support through years of tribulation, and which even now enables me to bid defiance to all the powers of earth and hell, and look down into the grave with triumph. I am too remiss in duty, and vainly endeavor often to justify my negligence by many a sinful plea. Will not my dear friend, when at the throne of grace pleading for poor sinners, sometimes remember her unworthy Hannah, and pray that she may awake, as one alive from the dead—that her remaining days may be filled up with usefulness; and may the best of heaven's blessings rest upon my dear Lucretia.

"Farewell.

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

"February 11. Have just been favored with a visit from uncle and aunt C——, of Bedford, and two dear cousins. How dear to me are those kindred friends who are also the friends of Christ. O that all my friends may possess that *good part.* My

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dear aunt expressed a wish that I might be able to visit Bedford. I immediately replied, that I did not know as I desired it. I thought I had rather depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Still, if I could be of any use to my friends or the world, I should desire to be restored to health. But I am so neglectful of duty now, that if I should be restored I should probably prove unfaithful. O when shall I be enabled to shake off this spiritual sloth? When shall I do my duty?"

"February 23. I hope God has pardoned my sins, and given me peace—his own peace. He gives me talents and time, and now he is giving me unusual relief from pain. Under all these, is not the command addressed to me, *Occupy till I come?* If I have but one talent, and neglect to improve it, shall I not incur guilt and the just reprehension of my God and Judge? O Lord, thou knowest how painful to me is the idea of lying here useless; let thy Spirit arouse me to duty, wake up my drowsy powers, and enlarge my heart greatly in the knowledge of thy will, and with a desire to do it; then shall I run with joy in the way of thy commandments. If I can do nothing to promote thy glory and advance thy kingdom here, then prepare me for thyself, and take me hence, that I may not be a reproach among thy people."

"February 24. The sound of death is again in my ears. Mr. S—— W—— is no more. He has

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left family and friend, and gone to the eternal world. Death is a faithful monitor. He has taken one in the meridian of life, and surely we who yet live are admonished to be ready, for in such an hour as we think not, the Son of man cometh. O that all might be excited to work while the day lasts. Be thou the God of the widow, O Lord, and the Father of the fatherless."

"March 4. There is one talent entrusted to christians, which is so badly employed, or rather so seldom employed at all, that it ought to be a serious question with many, how they can escape the doom of the unfaithful servant who went and buried his talent in the earth. It is the talent of *speaking for God*. How many in this respect prove miserable stewards, myself among the number. How seldom do I speak to professing christians of the state of religion in their own hearts—of the Savior's love—of their duty to sinners. And how little do I speak to sinners! Why is it so with me? I account for it in this way:

"1. I do not feel sufficient *concern for souls*.

"2. *I fear man*.

"3. *I fear I shall do them no good*.

"Did my Savior weep over sinners—did he feel so much concern for them as to leave the realms of bliss and come down to die for their salvation, and *shall I feel no concern* for them?

"Do I *fear man*? I will remember what God

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says: '*Fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings. Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of man that shall die?*' God forbid that I should be taken in this *snare!*

"Will it be *of no avail* to warn the wicked? How shall I dare indulge such a thought? God says, *A word fitly spoken, how good is it.* The word of God, even by my mouth, may be *as a fire and a hammer* to break in pieces the flinty heart. Shall I shut my eyes against all experience and observation? How often has a word, spoken in season, been blest to the conversion of a soul? Can I then look upon the sinner as condemned, and know that pardon is offered to him through Christ Jesus, and not urge him to accept it?

"Much have I suffered from the lashes of conscience because I have neglected this duty; and yet how afraid to begin to perform it. I have long endeavored to surmount these difficulties that appear to lie in the way of faithfulness to sinners; and THROUGH DIVINE GRACE I AM RESOLVED TO FIGHT UNTIL I OVERCOME. O may the Lord grant me that perfect love which casteth out fear!"

What a noble resolution! what a holy purpose! Here is a poor, sick, suffering female, struggling so manfully against hindrances to this important duty, while many in health, and with every advantage and opportunity, are regardless of their obligation

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to be faithful to sinners. It must not be inferred from this record that she had heretofore done nothing in this part of her work, for she had done much; but she had not done enough to satisfy her conscience; she felt that she had not done *all her duty*. Brother, sister in Christ, read over again this last record from her pen, and *go and do likewise*.

CHAPTER VIII.

About the beginning of March, 1829, Miss Hobbie was visited with a more severe attack, which brought her, in the course of two or three weeks, very low. It seemed to me for some time that she could hardly survive it. But the Lord designed by this visitation to prepare her for doing his will a little longer, and still more faithfully upon the earth, before he should call her away from it for ever. He does not grieve willingly the children of men; he afflicts his people to purify their souls and fit them better for his service on earth, and for the eternal enjoyments of the better world on high.

There is something very touching and beautiful in the illustration given by the prophet Malachi (3: 3,) of the process by which Jehovah purifies his people. And he 'shall sit as a refiner and purifyer

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of silver.' The Lord, when there is need of it, puts his people into the furnace of affliction, and kindles around them, as the refiner of silver around his impure metal, an intense heat. As the refiner keeps up the fire until the dross is consumed and the metal becomes pure, so does God with respect to his people. The refiner *sits*, looking intently into the glowing furnace and watching the contents of his crucible, until he sees in the molten silver the reflection of his own face, and by this, he knows it to be pure; so, when the Lord afflicts his children, he sits intently and anxiously watching them; and as soon as he sees HIS OWN IMAGE in them, the end is secured, and he puts out the fires lest they should utterly consume them.

When God sends afflictions upon his people to purify their hearts, and bring them to seek their portion in him, and do more faithfully his will, he may have also other things in view. We cannot fathom the depths of God's providence, or explain its mysteries while we 'see through a glass darkly.' We cannot perhaps *fully* understand why he often afflicts his beloved people, precious to him as the apple of his eye, while he allows the man who has lifted the standard of revolt and proclaims war with his Maker, to live in health, possessing every earthly blessing, and perhaps to go down to the grave with *no bands in his death*. But, we are taught in his word *something* in relation to this

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deeply interesting matter. We are told (whatever else God, in infinite wisdom, may think proper to conceal from us) that chastening comes with adoption into his family; 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.'

There are benefits flowing from this heavenly discipline which are obvious; we can *see*, we can *feel*, we can *appreciate them*. They vindicate the ways of God with his people. Many a child of the kingdom has found affliction good; and has sent up from a warmer and holier heart the song of thanksgiving and praise for the visitations of the rod. It was so with Hannah Hobbie. Listen to her own account.

"April 4, 1829. Being relieved in a great measure from a state of unusual suffering, I take my pen from my drawer for the purpose of adding to the records of divine mercy and favor. The Lord has manifested his love to me in the hours of deep distress, when this poor tabernacle was shaken as with a mighty wind. When my spirits were low and weak the Lord graciously vouchsafed to me spiritual strength, and laid underneath me his everlasting arms. I have been brought through suffering, and revived; and O that I could say, purified and refined entirely from sin and pollution. I thank thee, O Heavenly Father, that thou dost enable me

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to acquiesce in thy will, when indeed it is painful to me. Thou knowest the discipline I need; thou seest the 'folly bound up in the heart' of thy poor froward child; and thou knowest what strokes of the rod are necessary to drive it out. Knowing that thou dost not chastise me but for my profit, may I ever be 'in subjection to the Father of spirits and live.'

"I praise thy name, O Lord, that thou wilt have so much regard for me as to apply such remedies as these to my spiritual diseases. Thou art *kindly careful* to train me up for glory. I beseech thee, O Lord, sanctify all my afflictions so that they may promote my communion with God, and my ripeness and meetness for heaven."

"April 11. Earthly good is inadequate to fill my soul; but in the enjoyment of my God I am happy. The allurements of the world do not ensnare the soul which, with intense interest, pants after God. With longing desires my soul thirsts after God and heaven. 'As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.' O give me to drink of living waters; feed me with the bread of heaven, and clothe me with the righteousness of thy dear Son."

"April 17. 'Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing:' continual sorrow because of the exceeding depravity of my heart, its native aversion to God, and inclination to do evil; but well mayest thou re-

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joice, O my soul, for God hath laid help upon one who is mighty to save. 'I thank God, through Jesus Christ, my Lord,' I HAVE BEEN *made free from the law of sin*, and SHALL BE made free from *the body of this death*."

"April 19. Long time I have vainly imagined that I should one day, even in this world, see myself less sinful; but alas! the more I become acquainted with my heart, the more fully I am convinced of its dreadful sinfulness. *I am* a sinner! great is the number and magnitude of my sins. But I will comfort myself with the blessed assurance that though I am a *great sinner*, I have a *great Savior*."

Let us look back now upon the last three paragraphs in her journal, and see how deep were the discoveries of truth which God gave her. In the first, she loathes the tasteless morsel which earth offers, and longs to be fed with the bread of heaven; in the second, she sorrows over her deep depravity, but rejoices in the mighty deliverance; in the third, she weeps to think that *her heart* is *in itself* no better, but clings with all her might to the precious cross of Christ. She thus proceeds:

"May 7. This morning my sister, recently married, set out with her husband for the place of their abode at the west, nearly three hundred miles dis-

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tant. The Lord go with them, tarry with them where they tarry, and be their joy and comfort throughout the days of their pilgrimage.

"Little did I know before what it was to part with a beloved sister. I took my leave of her, or rather, gave the parting hand, for I was for the moment speechless. O may the Lord sanctify this trial to us all. May we learn to prize the blessings of kindred and friendship, and strive to do each other *all the good we can, while we may;* and when called to leave this world of sin and sorrow, may we meet where all tears will be wiped away from our eyes; where adieus and farewells are not known."

After her last severe attack, it was, more than ever, her practice to embrace every opportunity to do good, for she saw that the day in which she could do good below was drawing to a close. Having heard that four of her female cousins, residing at North-Castle, had recently made a public profession of religion, she thus wrote to them on the 18th of May:

"I have for a long time desired to speak to you upon the subject of religion, which, I trust, is deeply interesting to you all; but through the spring I have been most of the time unable to write. I am at present more comfortable, and therefore I would

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inquire, my dear fellow travelers to eternity, how do you find your way through this troublesome world? how stand your hearts affected with eternal things? If your hearts are indeed changed through grace, you of course find almost every thing here unfriendly to the pursuit of heavenly things. Satan, the world with its thousand allurements, your own evil hearts of unbelief, all oppose your progress. To fight against all these, even through grace, requires the exertion of every faculty—all your resolution. But through grace, when the soul is intensely set upon serving God, you can do it all. Happy they, who are enabled with steady resolution, to maintain the conflict; the victory will be theirs. Here you are in an enemy's land, but the Lord, your *help*, can carry you safely through.

"My dear friends, are you *rejoicing* in the hope of a blessed immortality? Is that hope founded on the rock Christ Jesus? Can you look upon death with composure, and contemplate the glorious change which it brings with joy? Is your conscience void of offence? Are you prepared to stand before the Judge of all? O let us examine ourselves, and see that we stand complete in the Savior's righteousness, which shall protect us in that day from the storms that will fall upon the wicked.

"Have we, my friends, seen *the evil of our hearts?* Have we felt the plague of our hearts? Have we,

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in view of this, cast ourselves wholly upon Christ? Is Christ precious to our souls? Do we count all things but loss, in comparison to the excellency of the knowledge of him? If this be so, we may indeed rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of our salvation."

The practical character of her piety will be seen in the following selection from her journal:

"May 28. I view this to be a critical time with me as it regards duty. It has occurred to my mind that I have hitherto, perhaps, made my bodily weakness, as well as mental deficiencies, too much an excuse for inaction in the service of God. I am so far convinced of the truth of this as to be determined, in the Lord's strength, to use my utmost endeavors to form *a female concert for prayer* in this part of our society, and if the Lord permit, to assist in the duties of the meeting. Yes, in the strength of the Lord, I will join my dear sisters in Christ in imploring the blessing of heaven upon our guilty world; and surely according to our *sincerity* and *faith* the Lord will hear our prayers and answer us in peace. The Lord give me wisdom and grace to help in this time of need!"

Pious females, blest with health and favored with the privilege of mingling with society, look at

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this, and ask yourselves whether you are doing all that you can to call down the blessing of God upon a dying world.

(To an Aunt in B——.)

"*Northeast, May* 29, 1829.

"My dear Aunt,—You will not probably be surprised when I tell you that I still remain a prisoner. I say *prisoner*, for I consider myself such; I am confined to this narrow house, when my soul would fain burst its bars, and soar away to the bright world of liberty and peace. I am still chained in this earthly tabernacle; but the building has become so shattered by disease, that I am compelled to abide in one corner of it, so that I cannot do the things that I would.

"I have sometimes thought it was a great mercy, as in my own case, to be shut out from the world, and not exposed to its many snares and temptations; but again I have been at a loss to determine which was the greatest hindrance in the divine life, an exposure to worldly temptations, or severe bodily pain and infirmity. I perceive that this state of seclusion from the world has its advantages and its disadvantages. There is much time for the study of one's heart, and for the contemplation of an unseen world; while at the same time I am often inclined to make my bodily weak-

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ness an excuse for slothfulness and inactivity in the service of God.

"Most deeply do I lament the little improvement I make of my *mercies of chastisement*. Indeed, much of my time passes away under exquisite pain, and in a state of apathy or great mental depression; and I ascribe it to the mercy and goodness of my heavenly Father that my pains have been less for two weeks past than before for some time, and I have enjoyed more of the sweets of meditation; but, my dear Aunt, I would not have you infer from this that I think the hours in which I enjoy most *ease* are the *best* of my life. The grace of God has taught me to esteem my greatest sufferings my choicest blessings; they wean my heart from earthly things, and give a keener relish for things heavenly and divine. I feel it to be a source of comfort, as well as a cause of gratitude, that I can already look with a degree of indifference upon earthly enjoyments; I can sacrifice them without a murmur for the sake of enjoyments which are heavenly. A pious writer says, 'It is a sore trial to the soul to be deprived of all earthly comforts, and reduced to the necessity of living upon God.' But since to live upon God is to partake of a luxury of more than mortal excellence, I would never be guilty of such folly as to choose a meaner repast.

"Your very affectionate niece,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

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Under date of May 31, she thus expresses herself in her journal:

"Although I am ungrateful to God continually, yet he is very merciful to me. The Lord *hears the cry of the righteous*, I know, but he is merciful to my unrighteousness! He has passed by my sins and inclined his ear many a time to my broken requests. I am now so favored that I read considerably. I am inclined to think the rule I have adopted of reading a chapter in the Bible at once is not as good as to read, in my weak state especially, a smaller portion. Rules may be useful in binding such as have no relish for the Bible, but I *desire* to read it for instruction and profit; I delight in it. In reading a whole chapter I find myself often fatigued, and of course less profited. Besides, my treacherous heart retains so little of what I read, that I purpose now to read such a portion as I can retain, and strive to dwell upon it till it has done its office.

"What abundant reason have I to be thankful, that in my confinement I may still have recourse to the word of God; and also what reason to be thankful, that though I may not go up with the worshiping assembly to his house, the Lord will condescend to make *here* a sanctuary for me."

In a letter to an aunt, dated June 1, 1829, she says:

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"Acquiescence in the will of God makes us happy at any time and under any circumstances. It is in kindness that God afflicts me, and in kindness too, that he gives a season of respite. We are apt to be agitated with distress, and then it is not so easy to feel that God afflicts us because he loves us; but when severer suffering is removed, then a holy calm fills the soul; and the pains that remain, instead of ruffling, soothe us, and melt us into submission to the Divine will. The benefit of my affliction is most felt in the seasons of respite which are given me. I have felt a sweet and sacred submission and repose, which are a rich compensation for all that I have suffered. How delightful the thought, that such seasons are only the earnests of that rest which we shall enjoy in heaven! It is acquiescence in the Divine will which causes 'this holy calm within the breast.' When we shall be made perfect in heaven, there will be perfect acquiescence in all the Lord's doings and will: *This must be perfect peace.* I would welcome, then, all that bows my will, and tends to reconcile me more to the sovereign and excellent government of God."

To an aunt in New-York, already referred to, she writes on the 8th of this month—

"How is my little namesake? Is she well? I heard that she could articulate some words very dis-

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tinctly at twelve months old. O that the Lord, who ordains strength out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, would grant that she may, from a child, speak the praises of her Redeemer! You have been called to yield up another of your offspring into the hands of him who gave it; not, indeed, without a mother's yearnings. But it is a comfortable reflection, that the little sufferer has gained at length a happy release. As the Lord does not take from his people outward mercies but to give a richer portion, I hope my dear aunt has received double at the hand of the Lord for all her sorrows; that her seeming loss has been made up by abundant communications of grace; and that the Lord will be to her a portion better than sons and daughters.

"The loving-kindness of our God is never more conspicuous than when he chastises us: still it is a mark of his displeasure, and shows his hatred of sin. If left to our own courses, we should certainly find iniquity to be our ruin. What an unspeakable mercy is it, then, to be corrected by a Father, who intends it all for our good. It is well that our trangressions are visited 'with the rod and our iniquities with stripes.' 'May the God of all grace, who hath called us unto eternal life by Jesus Christ, after that we have suffered awhile, make us perfect; stablish, strengthen, settle us.' And to him be all the glory for ever."

"June 19. My present cup is full, and runs

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over with every good. I enjoy almost all the rich means of grace except *public ordinances*, and an unusual degree of relief from pain; but how little is my heart affected; how difficult to *give thanks always for all things through Jesus Christ*. Indeed I can seldom feel that I do actually enjoy so much from God. Was there ever a wretch guilty of such base ingratitude to my kind Benefactor? Thousands of mercies I have been blest with, and tens of thousands, all marked by my ingratitude. But this is not my greatest sin; for often when the blessed rod, (which brings me to God and keeps me near him,) has been partially removed, my heart has grown careless and my love has waxed cold. Creatures have become idols, and my affections have fastened to the world. But he who loves me far better than I love myself, never forsakes me altogether. I hear continually, either the voice of the rod, or the sweet calls of mercy, instructing me to repent, and bidding me return; and I come back with lamentation and grief, with shame and confusion of face: then I receive pardon, always through Jesus, the precious Savior. Thus I go on through life, sinning and repenting—*sinning* and *repenting*. It is my way to destroy myself; but thine, O Lord, to redeem and save; and God is ever known to me as 'merciful and gracious, slow to anger and abundant in goodness.' O turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; lead me to Christ; and let his

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'blood, through the eternal Spirit, purge my conscience from dead works, to serve thee, the living and true God!

"This heart has been bought with the blood of Jesus; it ought to be his. O Lord, fix it upon him for ever, for thou knowest it is my desire to give it."

"June 28. I have very much enjoyed the society of my friends the week past; but, (probably lest I should forget that his friendship is still better,) the Lord has increased the burden of suffering. Several have called to see me; and I bless thy name, O Lord, that thou hast enlarged my heart and *opened my mouth* to speak to them of the things of thy kingdom. I thank thee that so many of my friends are thy friends. Wilt thou not pour out thy Spirit upon thy children, that it may be our happy portion to enjoy the blessing of those who fear the Lord, and '*speak often one to another*,' and think upon his name. 'And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.'"

"July 3. How many are my foes in this state of probation! many and strong are those against whom I have to fight! but 'the Lord is on my side; whom shall I fear? I have not carnal weapons, but those which are mighty to the pulling down of strong holds;' and I thank God that he has taught me to use them. By this I know, O Lord, that thou

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favorest me, because mine enemies triumph not over me. The Lord in infinite mercy save me both from corruption within and temptations without.

"I am blest with strength to use my needle a little; and is it so, that I cannot even look upon the things of this world, or touch them, but my foolish heart seems to cling to them? I know that all these things are vanity. O that I might be entirely weaned from these vain things, and be made to relish, and be familiar with, the things that lie beyond the grave!"

"July 5. Sin, like a mighty deluge, sweeps over the earth, and death rejoices in his prey. How many are daily swallowed up, thou, O God, only knowest; but I am kindly spared. Thou hast prepared an ark for the saving of thy people; and I, through rich grace, may dare to hope that I shall make one of that happy number. The Lord has kindly taken me into the ark of safety. If I sometimes leave it, I find, like the dove, no rest for the sole of my foot until I return. Here, then, in this place of refuge, will I abide, saved from the floods of wrath, and sheltered from the storm, until these troubled billows upon which I am now tossed shall be assuaged, and then shall I rest, not upon a mountain of the earth, but upon the HOLY HILL OF ZION."

Her journal contains several instances of prayer

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for rulers and ministers of the Gospel. They are all rich in pious feeling and pertinent thought; and they usually have a very close connection with, and concentration in, the glory of the latter day. For this she earnestly and often prayed; and she seemed deeply sensible that much depended upon the rulers of the earth and the heralds of the cross in reference to its speedy coming. The following is an example:

"O most merciful Father, wilt thou bless the *rulers of our land.* May they be renewed by grace, that they may rule in the fear of the Lord and be a terror to evil doers; let peace be multiplied throughout the earth; may thy word have free course and be glorified.

"Bless thy *ministering servants*—all who truly love thy work; O give them success; give testimony to the word of thy grace wherever it is proclaimed; let not thy servants labor in vain, nor spend their strength for nought. Send forth more laborers into the harvest. The land mourneth, the people perish. I beseech thee, O Lord, give them pastors after thine own heart; faithful men, who shall exalt and glory in the cross of the Redeemer and gather many souls to Christ.

"Bless all the means that are used for the building up of the kingdom of Christ throughout the world in lands of darkness and superstition. O may

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'the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings;' let the whole earth be filled with the glorious light of salvation, and resound with thy praise. The Lord hasten it. Amen."

The following are her meditations on another Lord's day:

"July 9. 'This is the day the Lord hath made; *I will be glad* and rejoice in it.' O thou who gavest commandment concerning it, saying, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' I thank thee for setting apart one day in seven for a day of *holy rest.* God has connected a blessing with the observance of his day. It is a matter of great thankfulness with me, that my heart has long been inclined to regard this day unto the Lord. Truly the remembrance of it is sweet. To give this day wholly to God's service is my greatest delight. I cannot say with others, let us go unto the house of God; but 'Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones!' Blessed Jesus, my desire is unto thee, that thou wouldst *revive my heart* this day, and henceforth. O that I may be humble! O for a heart of devotion, prayer, and praise!

"I have made this a day of particular confession,

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and renewed my covenant with God, taking a new and firmer hold on Christ, in whom I enjoy, and hope to enjoy, all things. I desire at this time, in the deepest humility, to confess my sins before God, entreating him to teach me, and show me that which I know not, that if I have done iniquity I may do it no more. I thank thee, O God, that I have been brought into the embrace of the everlasting covenant, where alone are found safety, joy, and peace; that Christ is become the Lord, my righteousness; and that I feel so often thy Spirit witnessing with mine that I am a child of God. Surely I can say, *My Beloved is mine, and I am his.* Although I sin against God, and thus mar my comfort, (and probably shall continue to do so until delivered from this world of corruption and the *body of this death,*) yet Christ has become 'the end of the law for righteousness;' by him I am delivered from its dreadful curse, and in him am I an heir of salvation. I have no hope in myself, I receive no good from God of any kind, but through the one Mediator Jesus Christ. I have seen that *in him* all wisdom is found; that *in him alone* is acceptance with God; that *from his Spirit* comes obedience; that in him I find all my real happiness. If I know my own heart he is all in all to me. O that I may ever feel so, and go on trusting and rejoicing in, and resting upon the Lord, my righteousness and strength. O may thy power subdue the corruptions of my heart!

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defend me from foes within, and foes without; and when called to fight, wilt thou, O God, my King and Captain, arm me for the conflict, and lead me on to victory."

"July 14. Wonder, O my soul, and be astonished at the long-suffering and forbearance of thy God! I tread his mercies under foot; I break my vows; I perform not my engagements. O that a sense of God's goodness might lead me to repentance unfeigned! I solemnly dedicated all the powers and faculties of soul and body to my God; but the advantages given me I have often employed to my disadvantage and to his dishonor. O this treacherous heart! how often, through its deceitfulness, am I turned aside! May the Lord FIX IT ON MY HEART, that in him only have I wisdom and strength, that it is not in him that walketh to direct his steps; then shall I learn to trust in him for all things!

"O Lord, my desire is unto thee, and from thee is all my fruit. May I enjoy thy bounty with thankfulness—occupy my talents in thy service—devote my time to usefulness and communion with God, and find my steps directed of thee. Hold up my goings, and help me to find out my easily besetting sin, that I may *set a mark upon it*, and a double watch; and, 'laying aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset me,' may I 'run with patience the race that is set before me,' and at last obtain the prize."

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Having recovered from a fearful disease which brought me to the very verge of the grave, in reference to which I find ardent prayers inserted in the journal of our young friend; and being permitted to resume the labors of the pulpit, amid the congratulations of an affectionate people, she thus notices the loving-kindness of him who bringeth down to the grave and raiseth up, according to his sovereign pleasure:

"July 27. The Lord hath dealt graciously with his servant. Although sorely chastened for a season, he was not given over unto death. The Lord hath brought him back from the grave, and restored again to us our pastor, our friend, our spiritual teacher; blessed be the name of the Lord, who alone doeth wonders in Israel! O Lord, thou hast spared thy servant, and he lives to declare the works of the Lord. Yea more, thou hast with thine own right hand opened to him the gate of the Lord into which the righteous enter, and brought him there to pay his vows unto the Lord in the presence of his people—in the courts of the Lord's house—in the midst of Jerusalem. Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord, save by the word of truth which thy servant speaketh."

The present was a marked period in her sickness, as she was able for a few days to sit up con-

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siderably, and once rode out to the distance of nearly a mile; but it was only a short season of respite.

CHAPTER IX.

It is a great blessing to be raised up, even partially, from a sickness which has preyed upon us for years, though we may know that it yet has a firm hold upon the springs of life. The relief it gives to the weary spirit is unspeakable. None but those who have experienced it can tell what it is to lean upon the arm of friendship, and totter out from the prison where we have been held in close and long-continued confinement; to leave behind us the walls of a sick-chamber, however comfortable they may have been made by the assiduities of friends, the kindness of sisters, and the affection that dwells only in a mother's bosom; to leave the pillow that has witnessed so many of our tears, and afforded its companionship through many a weary season; to go out and look upon the face of nature, and breathe the fresh air, pure as heaven gives it.

Hannah was permitted for *once*, after long and painful imprisonment, to look out upon the green

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fields and trees, arrayed in all the freshness of their summer beauties; to hear the song of the birds, and *see them* in the ecstacy of their delight, as they sent up their notes of praise to him who careth even for the sparrow; to gaze upon the fleecy clouds as they hung out to the view in surpassing loveliness in the soft stillness of a summer's morning. Such scenes make usually a strong impression upon the mind of one who is always *looking out* for God; and Hannah never failed to *see him* in them.

One night just before she died, she said to a lady who was sitting by her, that she had been reading of *Orion*, and wished to know if it was visible, that she might see it. It was hanging out its splendors directly in front of the window, but before her friend could speak to her, a violent paroxysm of pain, which continued for some time, rendered her incapable of looking at it. Is she not now beholding brighter glories?

She had been intimate with a young female in the neighborhood, who, after several years of great suffering, had departed in the hope of a blessed immortality. At such times, when we feel a little returning strength, we love to look upon dear friends, especially if they have been afflicted like ourselves; or if they have been removed by death, we take a melancholy pleasure in looking in upon the fire-side which they have forsaken for ever, and

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upon the chamber where they suffered. It is not strange, then, that Hannah embraced the earliest opportunity to *visit the dwelling* where the companion of her childhood died. Her journal particularly notices this visit.

"August 7. I have just returned from neighbor Gilbert's. I have been permitted to visit the place formerly occupied by my dear afflicted Julia. Long did she wait for her change; but I trust her blessed spirit is now at rest in the Savior's bosom. The number of my years of confinement is now almost equal to that of hers; and I still remain a prisoner, waiting for the accomplishment of my Heavenly Father's purposes concerning me. That I may not live in vain, may I learn to put all my trust in Christ; and O may the rich means of grace I now enjoy be blest to my improvement in the knowledge of God; to my growth in grace; to my usefulness in life, and preparation in the end, for the enjoyment of God for ever!"

"August 15. Have been favored for several days with a visit from a beloved aunt from New-York. Her daughter named after me is with her; a promising child. She acquired the faculty of speech very young. O may she early learn to know the Lord; and may her tongue be soon employed in speaking the Redeemer's praise. As we are united by the ties of kindred, so may we be united

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in the bonds of the everlasting covenant to Christ; and as we are one by name, so may we be one in Him. May the blessing of the Hope of Israel be hers, and may she far excel in all that is good, her whose name she bears."

"September 7. 'O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thine help.' Oftentimes do my iniquities prevail against me, yet as often does the Lord deliver me. Blessed be the Lord, that sin has not dominion over me; and blessed be his Holy name that I am not under the law, but under grace. The Lord has discovered to me my most easily besetting sin and humbled my proud heart. Thanks be unto God that he has brought me to sit again at the foot of the cross. Teach me, O Lord, thy way, that I may know thee, and henceforth keep mine eyes directly upon thee, for thou art my light, my guide, my salvation, *my all*."

"September 16. The Lord is cutting down one and another on the right hand and on the left. As for me, I am not only a subject of his *preserving* mercy, but of his *redeeming* grace. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits? It is my misery that I do so little to promote his glory; that I manifest so little concern for the souls of my fellow-sinners. Quicken me, O Lord, to duty, and inspire my heart with new life for Christ's sake."

"September 23. The remains of our friend H——, one of the officers of our church, are this

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day consigned to the grave, the house appointed for all living. The church, in this death, sustains a loss which God alone can make up. The Lord appoint a successor who shall faithfully perform the duties from which he has been called away, that the church may still prosper! May her graces be more and more exhibited in her *onward march!* Another of our number is gone; may we who remain, try ourselves, and closely examine our hopes for eternity. O may all our lamps be kept trimmed and burning!

"Let this be a day of thy power in the family of thy departed servant, among those of them who are yet without God. Turn them from darkness to light, and from sin unto thee, the living and true God. In their affliction may they seek thee early, and wilt thou be the widow's God, and the stay of the orphan."

"October 13. Have this day entered my twenty-third year. I do humbly trust I have made some advancement towards my desired haven. I mourn and lament my unfruitfulness, but I bless God that I have been taught more of the depravity of my heart. In proportion to the knowledge I have gained of my own emptiness, has the preciousness of the Savior, and the excellency of his character, and the beauty of holiness increased. I thank thee, O Lord, for the present hope of glory in my soul. O grant, that as death approaches, my prospects may

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grow brighter and my faith stronger; and may I maintain a firm and unshaken confidence in thy mercy and thy covenant faithfulness to the last."

"October 20. Mournful catastrophe! A child of one of our neighbors fell yesterday from a loaded cart; the wheel turned upon his neck and killed him in an instant. What a sudden transition from this world to eternity! In the midst of life we are in death. Comfort thine handmaid, the mother, for I trust she is thine. Let the father be brought by this distressing providence, to fly to Christ for refuge; and let such as are supposing death to be *distant* be admonished that judgment and eternity may be very near!"

"October 22. 'Lo, this have I found, that God made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions.' O my God, save me from an ensnaring world, and save me *from myself!* I am trying to have my heart fixed, trusting in God; that I may remain steadfast amid the changing circumstances of life for it is too easily affected with outward things. Although the Lord has been gracious to me in showing me the pride of my heart, and, of late, has strengthened me against it, yet I know that I am still too easily elated with praise, and my heart wants more humbling in spiritual joy and prosperity. When God requires me to wait a little longer upon him for needed grace than I hoped, I grow impatient; I am too easily provoked when

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offended, either from without or *from within*. The latent evils of my heart, O how many! Searcher of hearts, thou knowest my sins and follies; pardon them, I pray thee, even all my past offences, and give me strength that I may walk humbly with God all the days of my life."

She received in this month a letter from a cousin residing in New-York, giving her an account of his hopeful conversion, of his employment as teacher in a Sabbath-school, and suggesting the idea of devoting himself to the ministry. In answer to this she writes the following letter:

"*Northeast, Oct.* 26, 1829.

"My dear Cousin,—I have received your interesting letter, and hasten to congratulate you on your new course of life, and your present employment, which you say you have found pleasant, and which, I venture to affirm, will be found so by all who choose the service of God. To such the whole way is pleasant; it

'——————————Is peace,
'And leads to peace, and joys no more alloyed.'

"Who can calculate the worth of a *pious education?* We, my young friend, have been peculiarly favored in this respect, and how should our hearts be enlarged with gratitude to God, that the bless-

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ing has not been in vain. Though we have cause to regret our long delay to serve him, and our so long persisting in a course of sin and folly, yet let us bless God that we have not been left to remain in forgetfulness of him, and in the way to eternal death. I feel that my early advantages were great, but have not yours been still greater, as from your infancy you have been trained up in those schools which have become such nurseries of piety? How many this day can bless God for the benefit of *Sabbath-school instruction!* Eternity alone can disclose the full amount of good which this benevolent enterprize has already accomplished under the divine blessing. What numbers have thereby been rescued from eternal misery! In the last great day it will be said, when God writeth up the people, *this and that* child *was born there.*

"I rejoice to hear that the Holy Spirit has recently visited the school to which you belong, and that several have been hopefully converted to God. This season, I trust, you will long remember; for I am happy to find that you have already tuned your harp to the song of praise for what you have experienced within the sacred confines of a Sabbath-school. Words cannot express the joy I felt on first hearing this glad news. I think I felt somewhat as angels do when they rejoice over 'one sinner that repenteth.' You say that when your anxiety commenced, it was because you saw

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yourself to be in the road to eternal perdition. The sinner must see the danger he is in before he will be induced to flee to Christ for safety. I was rejoiced at these words in your letter, which, though included in a parenthesis, did not escape me, viz. 'Praise, everlasting praise, be to Almighty God for that agonizing moment!' That agony which we feel at such a time for sin is a bitter cup; but when peace succeeds, we begin a *new song* of praise to our Deliverer, which, though feebly sung on earth, is raised to louder strains upon the shores of immortality!

"But, my dear cousin, although your friends rejoice over you now, let me assure you it is with fear and trembling. O let me exhort you to dig deep, and see that you lay the foundation of your hope securely upon the Rock of Ages. There is folly and danger in building on any thing else. But O to escape the sins and follies of youth! O to escape the jaws of the devouring adversary! O to be saved from an ensnaring world, and even from yourself! Study much your own heart; watch and pray; make the Lord your strength always, and seek to be filled with the fullness of God.

"I understand that you purpose, before long, to unite yourself to the church of God. Do this in the strength of the Lord, and prize its ordinances, and you will see the good of his chosen, and glory in his inheritance. Remember to pray for that dear

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brother of yours, and those dear sisters; that they too may be brought to the fold and fitted for God's service.

"I feel that the present is an important crisis with you; and, aware that your future usefulness chiefly depends on the present decision, I am inclined earnestly to pray, as you request me to do, that your decision may be the result of wisdom communicated from on high, and that it may be for the glory of God and the good of his kingdom.

"Devote some of your leisure moments to writing me, and you will gratify your affectionate cousin. HANNAH HOBBIE."

"November 8. Sabbath evening. The Lord's supper is to be administered this evening at Captain C——'s, for the accommodation of his aged mother, who has been blind for several months. Methinks it will be a precious season to the disciples who may be permitted to meet on the occasion; and I had almost said, why am I not favored with a seat among them? But why should I reply against the wise and gracious dispensations of Providence? It is indeed painful to be deprived of the privilege of meeting with my christian friends, not only in the house of God, but at other times and places; especially do I mourn the loss of this evening's privilege with them. Shall I no more enjoy the sweets of an ordinance designed to show what the Son of

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God has done to save such sinners as I am? O may the Lord give me perfect resignation to his will in all things; may I wait patiently for the time when he shall be pleased to grant me admittance into his courts above, to join with saints and angels in that delightful worship which will be continued for ever."

She was soon severely affected by a cold, or by one of the many unaccountable changes which occur in such complicated cases of decline, and passed through a season of unusual distress of body with her accustomed patience and fortitude. The record which follows, is the expression of her heart in reviewing this season of trial:

"November 28. My disordered body has for several days been greatly agitated; and as there exists an intimate connection between the body and the mind, I am induced to believe my mind has participated in the general derangement of the system. I have not been able to discern spiritual things so clearly as at other times; but, thanks be to God, I am enabled, for the most part, to preserve clear evidence of his love. I thank God for a Savior whose kindness and care never fail; and whom I may trust when subject to changes of every kind, especially such as my bodily weakness often sub-

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jects me to. Committing myself to his care, I rejoice in the assurance of ever remaining safe.

"A season now and then occurs when a sort of apathy pervades both mind and body; but I feel myself under peculiar obligations to God for his dealing so kindly with me; for, though such a season is a hindrance, and occasions peculiar distress, I am enabled, nevertheless, to turn my eyes to my Great Deliverer, who early removes my burden, and enables me lightly and joyfully to advance, as I humbly trust, in the way everlasting."

"December 6. 'Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord, and thou hast heard and been attentive to the voice of my supplications. In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he hath delivered me from all my fears?' After a sore conflict, fighting with many foes, and wrestling with God, I am constrained to erect here my *Ebenezer*, and say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.'"

"December 7. How great is the blessing of a sound constitution! A change is sometimes produced in my feelings which, with all my resolution, I am unable to resist; my apprehensions are awakened; but I have learned not to ascribe every animal variation to the agency of Satan. External things affect the body, and through it the mind; hence, may I learn to distinguish between the influences which are purely bodily, and the state, disposition, and principles of the heart."

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The return of *a communion season* was to her a matter of very deep interest. She considered such seasons as having the tendency, more than all her privileges besides, to humble her own heart in view of what Christ had suffered, and to present him *before her* as the object of her supreme love. She hesitated about asking the favor often, lest a frequent compliance with her wishes should be a burden to others; and when I proposed it, as I sometimes did, discovering the delicate sensibility which prevented her requesting what I knew she would consider a great favor, she would manifest the most lively gratitude, and embrace the proffered privilege with a heart deeply affected. All who were intimate with her saw that on these occasions she was greatly benefitted; the fires of her devotion were kindled afresh, and the glow of her love was more fervent and intense. She was in the habit of preparing for such seasons, and also of improving them with great diligence. Self-examination and prayer were the employments of days both before and after the delightful occasion. The following passages exhibit the state of her mind.

"December 12. To-morrow evening, if the Lord will, I shall again have access to the ordinance of the Lord's supper. It becomes me to examine my title to the bread of the kingdom. I would recall my obligations to God, and acknowledge his signal

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benefits from an early period of my life. I was by nature a child of wrath, even as others; but God has cared for me even from my infant hours; and I stand a monument of his sparing goodness as well as mercy among his visible people. He makes me, through Jesus Christ, a tender of all saving blessings, and has, in all things, certified his readiness to become *my God.* It was of the Lord's goodness that I was early made sensible of my obligation; and I bless him for the rich grace that brought me to dedicate myself to a covenant God, by coming out from the world, and obeying the command to confess Christ before men. I have taken again and again the symbols of a Savior's broken body and shed blood; and thus, by an appointed seal, ratified my covenant with the most High. Amazing condescention of the King of Glory to a worm of the dust! Wonderful grace of a holy and just God to an unworthy, ungrateful rebel! What fervent love, what lively gratitude to him, should reign in my heart! O, what shall I render to my God for his marvellous kindness! Will he deign to accept the poor defective returns of love and obedience, which, by his grace, I may be enabled to make? He will. Then let me renounce every false way, and endeavor to walk in all his commandments and ordinances blameless."

December 14. Among the multitude of my mercies, I recognize the special favor I enjoyed las-

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evening of joining with my christian friends in the worship of Jehovah, and while reclining on my bed, (as always before) being permitted to enjoy that ordinance which is so eminently calculated to display the infinite love of God to fallen man. Most deeply did I participate in the comforts and blessings which the Great Head of the church is pleased to communicate to all those who receive him, and rest upon him by faith and humble reliance for the fulfillment of his many and precious promises. Our pastor addressed us from Luke, 24 : 26. 'Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?'

"Once more I have publicly evinced my attachment to Christ and my union to his church. O that I may walk more worthy of God; more like a true disciple!

"How should the gracious manifestations which I receive from God through these blessed means of grace, inspire my heart with warm devotion and love to him, and excite me to increased zeal for his glory! I have again renewed the dedication of myself to God. May I ever feel that I am not my own, but that I am bought with a price, even with the precious blood of the Son of God. O that I may ever live under the impression that whatever I do, should be done with a single eye to the glory of God! O Lord, lead me in the way of truth, and quicken me to holiness, for thy great name's sake."

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"December 20. Whence arises this confusion in my mind? Can aught but sin produce disorder or distraction in the soul which has once found a refuge and rest in the embraces of God, reconciled in Jesus Christ? With grief I have discovered of late the workings of *pride*, *self-love*, and *self-will* in my heart; and I confess it with shame and remorse. Surely I cannot look upon *myself* with complacency and satisfaction, when I remember how much yet remains unsanctified within me!

"Could I but see more of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and how much I have of it yet—could I see my extreme unworthiness of the Divine favor, I should only wonder and adore, when I think of the mercy which is shown to such a vile and guilty one as I am.

"Show me, O Lord, the error of my ways, and 'cleanse thou me from secret faults.' May my soul be made pure by 'the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost,' and be fashioned after the image of God. Remove pride, self-love, and self-will, O Lord, and let me possess humility unfeigned, the love of Christ supreme, and a sweet and child-like subjection to the will of God."

To her cousin, Frances M——, in Bedford, she wrote on the 20th of January a long and interesting letter, in which she thus speaks of the gradual approach of death:

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"Though nothing in my state of health at present indicates *speedy* dissolution, yet I am daily reminded by my languor of the *end* of all flesh, and the *way*, also, in which it comes. It is however with me a matter of little concern whether my remaining days be *few* or *many;* my greatest anxiety is to live, while I live, to the glory of God."

After speaking of her conflicts with sin, and her state of seclusion from the world as in some respects profitable, she says:

"But a state of seclusion from the world does not place us beyond the reach of Satan's wiles nor the evils of our own hearts. In whatever condition we may be placed, we find ourselves surrounded by enemies, and must not be a moment off our guard. O what a happy period will that be, when Satan's kingdom shall be destroyed, and universal peace reign, and the will of the Lord be done, and none be found to hurt or destroy! The appointed time draws near. The blessed Lord, with a strong arm, able to do all his will, reigns on earth as well as in heaven. The children of Zion may lift up their heads, for the day of their redemption draweth nigh. Earth and hell may oppose, but this redemption will come, for the Lord shall send the rod of his strength out of Zion, and rule in the midst of his enemies. The language of God to the

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church is, *Awake,* AWAKE *to duty!* Is my dear friend engaged in acts of christian benevolence? How do your Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies prosper?"

Again she says of the communion season she had just enjoyed:

"On the evening of the second Sabbath of last month our pastor preached here, and administered the Lord's supper, for my accommodation. I assure you it was a precious and delightful season to me; I had long thought I should not ask such a favor again; and the reflection that this was the last season of communion in the church below that I should ever enjoy, increased my desire for that communion with the saints above, which is without interruption and without end."

Almost immediately after she became able to ride out in August, and was permitted to visit the residence of her beloved and departed friend and fellow-sufferer, Julia Gilbert, she was again laid upon her bed, with a renewed attack of unwonted violence. All that we have presented from her pen since that time, was written in a state of severe suffering. God in great mercy, about the first of February, so far gave her relief once more from her pains and debility, that with great care she was

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taken to a near and highly esteemed neighbor's *once;* and if I mistake not, it was the last time she left her dwelling till she died, though she lived a year longer. Of this occurrence she speaks as follows:

"February 8. Last Wednesday I rode to Capt. C——'s; met with a cordial reception, and was treated with the greatest kindness. May the Lord reward them. May those dear friends receive for their kindness to one so unworthy the fulfillment of the promise, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'

"I feel myself under peculiar obligations to my Heavenly Father for having permitted me to leave my place of confinement again, although it was not without increased suffering, occasioned by fatigue. Thanks be to God, I have again returned to my home in safety and peace. I feel that my obligations increase with my strength. O what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits to me? I will pay the sacrifice of thanksgiving. 'Teach me to do thy will, O Lord, for thou art my God; thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness. Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's sake, for I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all thy works!'"

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CHAPTER X.

A young Painter in the city of New-York, of fine talents, said to me, not long since, "Sir, I must stand at the head of my profession—I am determined to excel—I am aiming high." I saw that his purpose was fixed, for his eye kindled as he said it. And surely, as eternal realities outweigh the things of time, the christian should seek them with more unwearied diligence, and unshaken purpose. It is an attribute of true piety *never to rest satisfied with present attainments or exertions.* None who "follow on to know the Lord" suppose they "have already attained; but this one thing they do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, they *press toward the mark,* for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Such is the nature of the soul, as immortal, that it will always *press forward* in pursuit of its supreme object, whatever that may be. Even in a state of alienation from God, while striving to satisfy the soul from this world's fountains, how often have we been wearied with its ceaseless importunity for more substantial food. And under the influence of holy principles, the fountains of our spiritual supply satisfy us, only because they are exhaustless; for

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every time we taste them, we find our appetite keener and our relish greater. The soul is called out in the exercise of its noblest powers, and led onward, and onward, continually crying, "*Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness!*" When the desire of the soul is fixed on God, it can never rest satisfied so long as there is any thing to learn of his perfections, or any thing undone that will promote his glory.

In reviewing the history of this devoted female, the reader may have often exclaimed, O that I could feel as she did, and reach her attainments! But he will find her *still pressing forward.* She desired to look deeper into 'the mystery of godliness;' to drink deeper of its spirit, and to claim a closer *fellowship* with all holy beings in doing good. Her journal thus continues:

"*Lord's day,* February 14. Awake, O my soul; lift up thyself in thankfulness to God that he hath given thee another golden season: stir thyself up to improve it; consider it may be thy last! May the Spirit of the Lord, who hath sanctified this day, sanctify it to my benefit, and make it a blessing to my soul, that I may be furthered on my heavenly way."

"March 6. A little improvement in my health calls expressly for more diligence in the service of my blessed Master—for increasing exertion to pro-

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mote the best good of my own soul and the souls of others. I do indeed bless God for the measure of an awakening spirit which he has recently given me; but I am still amazingly indolent, and sometimes fear that I shall incur the doom of the unprofitable servant. I desire to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth; and to this end I give myself unto prayer, not only three but *four* and *five* times in a day. I love by prayer and thanksgiving to make known my requests unto God. I read and meditate upon his holy word; and am led to inquire in what way my devotion may be rendered more fervent, more permanent, and consequently more profitable. O that the Lord would incline me to the practice of that holy diligence which the interests of eternity demand. I feel the power of indwelling sin; the Lord grant that as sin has abounded, grace may much more abound; and henceforth reign in my heart through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. May the Lord assist me in the proper government of my thoughts; may the Holy Spirit direct me and reign in my inmost spirit.

"At present my anxieties relate to the *salvation of my near relations*. I 'long after them in the bowels of Jesus Christ.' I long for the conversion of those of them that are yet enemies of God; and pray for the sanctification of such as profess to love him. O most gracious God, if I am to be instru-

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mental in their salvation otherwise than by my prayers, I entreat of thee, for thy name's sake, delay not to give me strength, and influence my heart to do what is necessary for the blessed work. O may my parents consider their awful responsibility, and bring up all their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; teach them the fear of the Lord, set before them a holy example, watch over them, pray for them, and give themselves no rest, until Christ be formed in them, the hope of glory. Will the Lord be with my dear brothers and sisters, dispose their young minds to receive the truth, and by an early conversion may they be saved from youthful follies, and all sin, and be made pillars in the temple of our God, and in covenant love become the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty."

Christian reader, mark what she says upon the subject of *a profession of religion*:

"March 29. When we separate ourselves from the world, and declare ourselves to be on the Lord's side, the world expects to see us distinguished by our good works. But alas! how often is it justly said of those professing godliness, 'What do ye more than others?' Shall I be reckoned among them? God forbid. I will even dare to be singular, that I may thus glorify my heavenly Father.

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Through grace I will rise above the world, and exercise myself, and employ my strength and talents in seeking the salvation of sinners. O may I rise in holy emulation, and labor to glorify the name, and magnify the grace, of my adorable Savior, and show myself eminent for love and good works!"

"April 5. My heart rejoices in the Lord. Because I have put my trust in the Lord, therefore he is to me a faithful Friend and a compassionate Redeemer. In sickness and distress the Lord is my strength, and my joy and consolation, from day to day, are equal to my tribulation. Surely the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him—upon them that hope in his mercy, to deliver their soul from death. The Lord redeemeth the souls of his servants, and none that trust in him shall be desolate.

"The tender mercies of God have been over me in *another season of severe suffering*. Though greatly debilitated, I still retain the privilege of reading a little daily, and, thanks be to God, I still enjoy communion with the Father, Son, and Spirit. In the multitude of my thoughts within me, the comforts of God delight my soul."

"April 16. I am exceeding weak; therefore I resolve to wait upon the Lord, that my strength may be renewed."

"April 26. *Seven years this day* since the Lord laid me upon a bed of sickness. But as a father chasteneth his son so has a merciful and gracious

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God chastised me. I remember all the way in which he has led me these seven years, to humble me, and prove me, and show what was in my heart. And O how great is the good which he has done unto me in my latter days! The Lord redeemeth my life from destruction; he crowneth me with loving-kindness and tender mercy, and satisfieth me with good things, so that my youth is renewed like the eagle's.

"Insensible as I am, I wonder and am amazed at the goodness and mercy of God, which follow me day by day. I am most ungrateful. For several weeks I have been quite subject to coldness of heart. Perhaps weakness of body may in some measure occasion it. I thank God that such seasons are short; yet this has, of late, produced fearful apprehensions lest I shall not enjoy the free exercise of my mental faculties through the future season of decaying nature, especially in my last moments. I wish to live a holy and godly life, and to glorify God in a triumphant death. Shall I never more enjoy the comforts and privileges of a healthy constitution? Such a consumption is trying to my sinful nature; but through grace it is rendered tolerable, and even desirable, if *the consumption decreed* do but *overflow with righteousness.* Deliver me, O Lord, at last, lest the enemy say, *the Lord was not able to bring her to the promised land.* O leave me not in the midst of this wilderness to pe-

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rish! O let the light of thy countenance be ever upon me! A dead, cold heart is my burden. Then let me ever be enabled to look up to Christ, my High Priest, who is merciful to bear with my infirmities, and who is mighty to help them."

The following letter to an uncle in the city of New-York exhibits the *deep movings of her soul* for the salvation of her kindred:

"*Northeast, June* 13, 1830.

"MUCH RESPECTED SIR,—Whatever duty I owe to my distant friends, my only resource is that of writing; I can discharge my obligations in no other way. Yet in this way I feel that I can but imperfectly perform my duty to my uncle. I never can remunerate him for his great kindness to me. The Lord will surely give, (though I cannot,) a recompense of reward to such as show kindness to the least of his servants. I desire to look to *Him*, who, in infinite compassion, bears with the infirmities of his people, that at this time he would be pleased to bear with mine, and help them, so that I may speak acceptably and effectually to my respected uncle and friend.

"Having of late become deeply interested especially for the eternal welfare of my dear relatives, I have regretted that I could no oftener hear from them. I have especially desired to hear whether

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my more than daily prayers have been answered in the conversion of my uncle. Were I to be assured that he was yet a stranger to God, O how would it grieve my heart! how would it quicken my desire that the Lord would bring him nigh by the blood of Christ. He is advancing in life; his days and years, which will return to him no more, are swiftly passing away; and is my dear uncle yet in a state of carnal security? Is there not cause for increasing alarm? Does he apprehend no danger? Does he not know that God has called aloud upon him often, both by mercies and judgments; by his providence and grace; and is yet calling? Does he not hear daily reiterated the sweet invitation of mercy, enforced by the strivings of the Spirit, *Come to Christ!* COME TO CHRIST? There is no other refuge; and thanks be to God, thou needest no other, to shelter thee from the storm that is coming, or to hide thee from the vengeance of the judgment! Soon the great day of God's wrath will come, and *who* shall be able to stand? O to flee the wrath to come! To COME! How will the sinner, after suffering thousands and millions of years, cry out, O to be delivered from the wrath that is YET TO COME!

"Painful indeed is the sinner's prospect; and how can I endure the thought that one of my kindred should perish! O that they may all be renewed by grace, glorify God on earth, be faithful unto death, and at last be received up to glory!

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"Give my love to aunt H——, and tell her I wish to thank her for all she has done for me.

"With much esteem I subscribe myself,

"Your dutiful niece,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

The next day she entered in her journal the following record:

"June 14. Yesterday my heart was again cheered with the preached Gospel. I feel reproved for my former unbelief. I had ceased to believe that the Gospel preached in this place would have any saving effect; but at this time the Lord was pleased to pour out a spirit of prayer and supplication upon his children, at least some of them; and a spirit of utterance was given to our dear minister, who opened his mouth boldly, making known unto us the mysteries of the Gospel. It was an enlivening and animating discourse from Eph. 5 : 4. 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead; and Christ shall give thee light.' He described first, *the state* of the wicked; then spoke of the *propriety of the call;* and lastly, *adverted to the promise.* O how was the professed christian who dared to slumber over eternal things urged to awake, and arise and shake himself from the dust, and not put his light under a bushel, but *do good in the world!* Nor less urgent was the call to those

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'dead in trespasses and sins.' The word was rendered powerful, and we have reason to believe reached the hearts of many. Especially did the Spirit carry it home to the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. P——. O may the word prove a savor of life unto life, and not of death unto death. Sister J——, also, again appears much impressed with a sense of guilt. God forbid that she should resist the strivings of the Spirit! May she now give her youthful heart to God! O may she now accept of mercy, lest it should be for ever too late! O let the harp of God's children be taken down from the willows, and tuned to the praise of Him who hath remembered us in our low estate! and O that what our eyes have seen, and our hearts felt, of the love and power of God since yesterday's meeting, may be but as a few drops before a plenteous shower upon this parched land. O that from henceforth righteousness may run down our streets like a river, and sinners be seen flocking to Jesus as a cloud! Remember, O Lord, Jacob thy redeemed, and Israel thy chosen, and bring thy people from the east, and gather them from the west: Say unto the north, give up, and to the south, keep not back; bring thy sons from far, and thy daughters from the ends of the earth. May all be made one in Christ, and in him be blessed for ever! Amen."

"June 23. Truly thy mercy is upon us, O Lord, according as we trust in thee. Alas! what am I,

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or what is my father's house, that we should thus be visited. Rejoice, O my soul, and be glad in the Lord! I will call upon my soul, and all that is within me, to bless God for his goodness, in *calling another beloved sister from darkness to light*, and from the power of Satan to God. Most gracious God, wilt thou continue to bless us as a family, and satisfy us all early with thy mercy, that we may be glad and rejoice in Thee all our days on earth, and then go to praise Thee and the Lamb in a world of blessedness for ever?"

We come now to the formation of her *Sabbath school.* The neighborhood where her father resided was some miles distant from the centre of either of the surrounding congregations, and many of the children were not connected with any Sabbath school. A view of this destitution deeply affected her heart, and long and faithfully did she strive to incite others to undertake the enterprise, but in vain. Believing it to be a duty for some one, and finding others faithless respecting its success, she cast herself, in her weakness and feebleness, upon God, and put her own hand to the work. Hear her own language:

"June 24. A serious consideration of the poor and perishing condition of most of the children in this neighborhood has led me to say much by way

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of argument and persuasion to induce some of my christian friends to establish a *Subbath school* for their moral and religious improvement; but no one seems to feel the necessity of such a measure enough to submit to the self-denial requisite for the undertaking. Therefore, receiving encouragement from God, and being continually strengthened in my design, I have concluded, with my sister's assistance, to invite the children into my room, where I may myself communicate that knowledge and instruction which alone can make them good and useful members of society, and prepare them for a better world above.

"O that I might enter upon the work with a heart warm with the vitality of godliness! May the Spirit of all grace fill my mind with heavenly wisdom, and inspire my heart with love, zeal, confidence, and hope! O Thou who art my continual strength and my gracious Redeemer, I give myself to thee in the work! If thou art pleased to make me instrumental in delivering the soul of my neighbor's child from a state of darkness, ignorance, and misery, unto thy name be all the glory. And from this time, whenever thou dost call me to duty, I beseech thee to give me a willing mind, and supply me with every thing necessary to promote thy glory."

Here we see a humble female, worn down by

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disease and suffering, girding herself to a work which those who were in health had not courage to undertake, gathering up the miserable remnants of her shattered constitution, that they might all be concentrated in one more effort to do good before she should be taken from the field of labor, throwing her whole soul into her Master's service, and rejoiced that she was still permitted to be in some degree useful.

This school was superintended by herself, (except when her health entirely prevented,) every Sabbath in her chamber. She would call up the children one after another to her bed-side, and give them, in the most earnest and feeling manner, instruction in the things of Christ; and her labors, it is believed, were not in vain.

How deeply interesting! how affecting to see her thus forgetting herself and her sorrows in the delightful employment of instructing these young and tender minds into the truth, and making efforts to win their souls to Christ! She would pray with them after these instructions, before dismissing them, while the hectic flush was glowing upon her cheek, and throwing out its rosy bloom to tell us of an early grave. That "*plague-spot!*"—I have seen it too often, and in too many interesting cases, soon to forget the feelings it always gives me.

This labor was to her no burden; her heart was in it; she loved her work, and delighted to give to

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it her remaining strength. She continued as long as she was able this labor of love as well as others, and gave them up, one after another, with the greatest reluctance, when she could do no more.

I was greatly affected one day, not long before she died, to hear her request to her sister,—"Eliza, will you be kind enough to collect all my Sabbath-school books together, and put them in my little trunk; I may possibly need them yet." She never needed them again.

I love Sabbath-schools, and I bless God that I live in their day. They work their healing influences into the very germ of human misery, and correct at the fountain head the bitter streams of evil which have overrun the world. They pluck away the *incubus* from the bosom of society; and send continually their tribute of sanctified recruits, in the very morning of life, to swell the armies of the Lord. On these accounts I love Sabbath schools; but none with which I have ever been acquainted has, under all circumstances, interested me as much as Hannah Hobbie's: it exhibited so much of the power of christian principle; and exemplified so happily, in all its native loveliness, the spirit of active and diffusive benevolence, which is the christian's brightest ornament.

Such instances of consecration to the Master's work, and *unreserved* devotion to his service, will condemn many a professed disciple at the Judg-

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ment, who, in the possession of health, excuse themselves from effort by the plea that they can do nothing. Let them TRY, as she did.

CHAPTER XI.

Having made an appointment to preach at the house of Mr. Hobbie, I went to fulfil it. It was near the close of June, and the day was unusually pleasant, even for that delightful season of the year. Every thing around me, as I rode along, indicated the smiles of a beneficent Providence.

It is cheering to look out upon the landscape at any season; God speaks to us through his works. But at this time the call to remember him was more distinct and forcible. He was scattering abroad his bountiful supplies for man and beast, and spreading over all the richest beauties.

It was near mid-day when, after having passed the church, I entered the valley of which I have before spoken. A little brook, issuing from the hills before me, gently rippled by, winding its way through a narrow grove of great beauty, which overhung, for a short distance, the right side of the road. Into this shady and cool seclusion the little

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birds, after their morning songs of praise, had retired to escape the heat of the summer sun; and sat, lazily drooping their wings, upon the lower branches of the trees, and upon the willows and hazels which tufted the banks of the stream. All was solitude and silence, save the whispers of the breeze and the hammering of the wood-pecker, as he clung to the side of the decaying limb, and pierced it for his prey, and now and then the short, clear note of the red-bird, as he sat calling to his fellow.

The varying prospect, as I rode onward, awakened grateful emotions to the great Giver of all our mercies. The meadow-grounds, on every hand, were buried deep beneath their luxuriant burdens; some of them gaily tinted with the rich red of the clover-blossom. The young corn, recently cleared from intruding weeds, drew out its long and verdant lines of beauty and promise, to cheer the heart of the husbandman and tell him of the coming plenty. Large patches of wheat, not yet whitened for the reaper's sickle, stretched across the valley and up the hill-sides, over which the mimic waves, in rapid and restless pursuit, were chasing each other from the field, like successive generations.

I wondered how any could gather up this rich profusion of bounties, and forget, and sin against the Being who was bestowing them; especially as he was mingling so much beauty with the portion;

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throwing in the rose, and the lilly, and the violet, with the countless flowers of the field, and the song of the bird, to sweeten for man the cup of life—to relieve the monotony of his toil, and cheer him in the hours of his weariness.

After winding my way up the range of hills to the right, I left the highway which led around the northern extremity of the highest point of elevation, and took, as I often did when on horseback, a by-path, which passed directly over the summit. Many acres of the shrub-oak, scarcely rising to the stirrup, surmounted the height, interlacing their branches so closely as to form an impenetrable barrier on either hand,—the habitation of the sparrow, and the burrow of the rabbit.

From the eastern side of the hill a most magnificent view presented itself. None possessing a taste for the beauties or grandeur of natural scenery ever visit that spot and come away unrequited. The vast landscape was clothed in the richness of its summer luxuriance. A long line of rolling surface extended to the north, bounded at the distance of thirty miles by the towering hills of Massachusetts. In the northeast, a branch of the Taghkannuc mountains threw up its bold and majestic outline upon the clear blue sky. It seemed, as I gazed upon it, as if the foot of man had never climbed its rocky ramparts, nor ventured upon the wildness of its solitudes to wake the sleeping echo in its forests, or

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disturb the sullen serpent and call forth the warning of his rattle.

Beneath me, on a gentle swell of land which broke the regular declivity of the hill, a little to the left, at the distance of half a mile, lay the dwelling of Hannah. It was one of those antique structures reared by another generation, who considered durability the principal excellence of architecture, and taste as having little connection with substantial comfort. The long, low front, looking towards the south, presented a door in the centre, with two windows on the right and one on the left. In the western end were two windows below and two smaller ones in the attic; the northern slope of the roof somewhat the longest, while the heavy square chimney crowded up through the centre, a sufficient protection to the frame-work against any wind that might blow. The room in the southwest corner was appropriated to the sick inmate; the window on the south close by the head of her bed, and that on the west at its foot. Here she communed with God—here she wrote her journal and letters—here she taught her Sabbath-school—here for years she suffered, and here at last she died.

A little to the south of the house, and beyond the sloping lawn in front of it, two woody eminences arose gracefully from the valley on either hand. The opening between them presented an extensive view of a richly cultivated country to the eastward,

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scooped out for a great distance between the beautiful hills of Sharon and Salisbury. Over this pleasing expanse the eye wandered, till, through a wide gap in the intervening mountains, it rested upon a far distant range in the interior of Connecticut.

Southeast lay the Sharon mountain, checkered with fences to its very summit, sweeping around to the right in a long and curving line of beauty and richness, seldom equalled in any landscape, until it lost itself, nearly twenty miles to the southward, behind the range upon which I was standing. Midway up its side, as if slumbering upon its lap, lay the village of Sharon, at the distance of six miles, canopied by the soft cloud of smoke sent up from its hundred chimnies; while the tall spire that rose in the midst of its clustering group of dwellings, seemed to offer the protection of heaven to all, and to promise the throng that gathered under it showers of blessings upon them, and upon their children after them. Over this wide field of richness and beauty, in every direction, flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were feeding in the green pastures or reclining in the shade, till they became mere specks in the distance. Trees of every form and size, singly and in clumps, and sometimes in small tracts of woodland, gave variety and grace to the scene throughout its whole extent.

As my eye passed with delight from one part to another of these works of God, and rested at length

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upon the dwelling of the suffering but rejoicing subject of divine grace I was about to visit, it required but little effort of the imagination to realize the bold and striking imagery of Isaiah, and anticipate the blessedness of that day, when "the mountains and the hills shall break forth" before the believer "into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

I had that day the opportunity of much conversation with Hannah. I found that she was aiming more obviously than ever at *active employment in the Lord's work*. She felt that her time was short, and was *in haste* to occupy the talent entrusted to her. She seemed unusually anxious to get near to God; but I found that it was for the purpose of inquiring at his feet what more she could do to serve him, and asking strength to perform it. Especially was she anxious for the salvation of her kindred, and greatly rejoiced in the recent conversion of her sister Jane. Weak as she was, I discovered that she was making her life a busy one. Of our meeting this evening she thus speaks:

"June 26. Again has the Gospel been proclaimed in this house. Once more have the people of this neighborhood been exhorted to awake from their slumber in sin, and give themselves no rest until they have found a dwelling in their hearts for the Spirit of God. But alas! the Lord was not with

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us in power as he was at the last meeting. Will he indeed withhold his saving mercy from us? Will he not continue his divine work still, and add yet more to the recent trophies of his grace? Out of many, shall we see no more turning to God? Poor deluded mortals, will ye not take warning and live! The Lord pity and save!"

During the present season she wrote an unusual number of letters to her friends. Indeed, all that she had it in her heart to do was now pursued with vigor and perseverance. Her efforts for the salvation of souls, for the promotion of the benevolent associations with which she was connected, and especially to prepare herself to superintend well her Sabbath school, and to give the children suitable instruction, were greatly increased.

To her cousin, J—— H—— H——, in New-York, who had recently determined to enter upon a course of study with a view to the Gospel ministry, she writes, July 6, 1830:

"May the Lord in his good pleasure favor your design, and make you the honored instrument of bringing thousands, who might otherwise perish, to know the Lord. Your late visit to us will long be remembered with pleasure; but you must have been pained to see how cold were this people. Happily you found better things when you return-

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ed to your Sabbath-school in New-York, for I learn that the Lord of glory had just begun to pour out his Spirit upon it to convert young sinners. I can now tell you that even here, also, the Lord's ear is not heavy, neither is his arm shortened. His salvation has come nigh unto *us*, even *us*, also. Yes, my dear cousin, sister Jane and others have been hopefully converted to God. I have heard, also, of two or three conversions in another part of our Society. The church seems awaking. We humbly trust our sky, so long dark, will ere long become brighter. O that the day may speedily break upon us! O my friend, will you not pray God to bless this part of his Zion, heal the backslidings of his people, pass by our iniquities, and enlarge our borders?

"At present my health is not as good as when you left us. I have, however, after encountering many difficulties, commenced a Sabbath-school, which, with the aid of my sisters J—— and M—— I hope to continue. I thank God, at least, for giving me feelings of compassion towards the children around me, most of whom, I have reason to believe, have little religious knowledge, and for enabling me to use my endeavors to rescue them from their present ignorance and sin, and consequent misery. I am grieved to find christians so indifferent on this subject. O that the Lord would arise and plead his own cause in behalf of these perishing children!

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"I have been informed that another Sunday-school is to be organized next Sabbath in the school district west of us; then we shall number three schools in our society, besides that at the church. I wish you to procure me some Sunday-school books, such as you think we need."

(To the same.)

"*Northeast, August* 10, 1830.

"My dear Cousin,—I delight to hear of the advancement of Christ's kingdom in any place; but when friends and kindred whom I so much love are the subjects of grace, it awakens emotions of livelier joy. What gratitude and praise should fill our hearts and swell our songs, that God, the Almighty Savior, has graciously manifested himself to you and me, and to so many of ours! Why is it that we are so eminently distinguished? Is it because we are so happily numbered among the generations of those to whom, and to whose seed, the Lord has showed mercy, because they have loved him and kept his commandments?

"*Pride* often takes possession of the heart and keeps us for a season in a state of *starvation*, even when we know that the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, because we are unwilling to be *beggars* for spiritual food. May the Lord make us humble, and give us more and more of the spirit of meek-

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ness, because he has said he will beautify the meek with salvation, and give to the poor in spirit the kingdom of heaven. O may we live as daily pensioners on his bounty, and put our trust under the shadow of his wings, that we may be sheltered from the storms of life—dwell securely in his presence—be abundantly satisfied with the provisions of his house below, and finally drink of the rivers of pleasure that flow from his throne above!

"Your affectionate cousin,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

"P. S. In our Sabbath-school we have twenty-three scholars, and are in expectation of more. About seventeen usually attend at once. This number may seem small to you. Will you take the trouble to procure me some more books for my school? The Lord alone can sufficiently reward you for your kindness."

In her journal she thus notices the death of a female member of the church:

"August 11. In the providence of God another instance of mortality reminds me of my own latter end. Our dear Mrs. G—— is no longer a resident among us. We trust her ransomed spirit, which this morning was released from its tenement of clay, has been graciously and gloriously transmitted from this wearisome world, where all is com-

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motion and distress, to heaven, the peaceful abode of everlasting bliss! May all of us who survive possess the peace which she so evidently possessed through a long season of distress, and meet her and all the ransomed of the Lord in the regions of immortal glory and light!

"Since I still remain in this state of trial, while others, one after another, are called away, how reasonable, how highly important, that I inquire whether 'I am prepared to meet my God!' How am I affected with regard to this and another world? I am practically convinced that all earthly pleasures are vain, and if I look after things seen and temporal, they only vex and harass my feeble soul. O when will that happy period arrive, when my expectations *from* them, and my attachments *to* them, shall be taken wholly away! O for that faith which overcometh the world!"

The following letter shows her usual mode of acknowledging a favor. It was written to her cousin J—— H—— H——, on receiving a donation of books for her Sabbath-school:

"*Northeast, August* 16, 1830.

"Dear Cousin,—I hasten to inform you that on Thursday morning I received, with the utmost pleasure, the Tracts, Books, Magazines, &c. &c. which you were so kind as to send me for our

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Sabbath-school. For this act of Christian benevolence in yourself and others, whose desire it is to do good to the rising generation, I most sincerely thank you, and pray that He whose rights you are endeavoring to maintain, and whose cause you are laboring to promote, may greatly comfort your hearts with the peace of the Gospel, and establish you in every good word and work.

"Affectionately yours,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

Under date of August 20th her journal contains the following:

"'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' says the Almighty to his chosen people; and, blessed be his name! this word is a tried word. Although Satan has desired to have me, and the world and my treacherous heart have unitedly engaged to procure my downfall, yet the Lord is a Friend to me 'that sticketh closer than a brother.'"

On the 24th of August she wrote to her friend, J—— H—— H—— again to purchase more books for her Sabbath-school, and states that the school was flourishing, and that it demanded her "continued and unwearied attention."

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(To her Cousin, Miss E—— B——, of Bedford.)

"*Northeast, August* 28, 1830.

"DEAR COUSIN,—When I look at the date of your last, and remember your request, I conclude you have by this time almost pronounced me an unfaithful friend. Indeed, I know that I should have acknowledged before your kind favor, but I hope you will pardon my seeming neglect; as I have not willingly deferred it. I heard some time since that your health was more impaired; if so, and you are still suffering under the chastisements of the Almighty, I do hope and pray that while you are in the *furnace* the *fiery trial* may be to the purifying of your soul, consuming the dross and separating it all from the gold.

"I still languish upon my bed, and feel that my outward man is perishing; and were it not for my *pride*, and *slothfulness*, and *faithlessness*, I could say that my inward man is renewed, even day by day. I find myself surrounded by innumerable foes; and although my Lord has promised that as my day is so shall my strength be, yet I too often forget to hide his word in my heart, that I may not sin against him; and presuming that I can, some of the time at least, direct my own steps, I am justly left to fall into temptation and sin. Thus my progress in the divine life is often retarded by my own inconsistency, and my advancement towards heaven

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is slow and difficult—so at least it appears to me. Through the deceitfulness of sin I become blind to my real condition, and even lost to a true sense of what I am doing. The Lord forbid that I should be so ungrateful for the grace given me as to reckon myself yet a *slave* to sin! The Lord forbid that I should lightly esteem the glorious liberty of the Gospel, by not rejoicing in it as one that has been graciously delivered from the bondage of corruption! But my depraved nature is not yet wholly sanctified. The workings of sin within me tend to mar my dearest enjoyments. I think I can truly say that I 'delight in the law of the Lord after the inward man;' but while there is 'another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin,' my cry will ever be, 'O wretched being that I am!' Yet, when I say, 'who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' the answer is always ready; 'I thank God, through Jesus Christ my Lord,' it can be done. Yes, still my heart shall bless, my tongue shall utter thanks to God, 'through *Jesus Christ our Lord.*'

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
'In a believer's ear,
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
'And drives away his fear.'

"To live *in hope* of all the blessings which Je-

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sus died to procure for sinners is joy unspeakable. What then must be the happiness of those who are admitted to their full *fruition!* O, my dear friend, let us leave those things which are behind, and reach forth to that which is before! O let us

'Run up with joy the shining way
'T' embrace our dearest Lord,'

that we may meet him in the full assurance of his favor, *as our God*, and in his presence abide for ever more!

"I am your affectionate cousin,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

Her journal notices the rich autumnal supplies in the following manner:

"September 8. The harvest is past; another summer has yielded a rich supply for the wants of man; but alas! it is to be feared that these earthly provisions of the Lord's bounty have been poured out upon an ungrateful people. But how much more distressing the thought, that so many despise even the gift of eternal life, so freely offered unto all; and refuse to acknowledge God as the giver of every good and perfect gift. O that the Lord would prepare our hearts to receive with thankfulness the bounties of his providence, and grant a

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rich supply of spiritual blessings; for all around appears barren and unfruitful!"

On the last day of September, 1830, a meeting was attended at Capt. C——'s, in Mr. Hobbie's neighborhood, as an anniversary of the solemn meeting noticed under the same date in 1827. This meeting, I trust, was also blessed to many; to some in the refreshings of the Divine presence, and to others, in showing them their sins and leading them to the Savior. Of this meeting Hannah thus speaks:

"October 2. Evening before last a meeting was held at Capt. C——'s in remembrance of the interesting one held on the same evening three years ago. Mr. A—— preached on the occasion; and addresses were made by others, some of which, I am told, were very reviving. Capt. C——'s two sisters, with their husbands, Mr. B——, of P——, and Mr. T——, of W——, were there. Their hearts all appeared to be animated by the love of God, and their souls fired with heavenly zeal. A happy impression was made on the minds of both Christians and sinners. Many felt it good to be there. O may the impression be lasting!

"The visiters from P—— and W—— were detained yesterday by the hopeful conversion of one of the household of Capt. C——. Thanks be to

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God for the happy intelligence that another is born again! O that the Lord would continue to pour out his Spirit here, and glorify himself more abundantly by bringing sinners to repentance!"

The return of Miss Hobbie's birth-day was always to herself a season of deep interest. The solemn and affecting reflections which such a period is so well calculated to produce, were usually on such occasions brought before her mind in a very forcible manner. But the return of the 13th of October, 1830, was to her peculiarly solemn. She was sensible that it must be, in all probability, her *last birth-day*. It was therefore improved as such, and the thoughts it awakened made a deep and lasting impression. She contemplated the grave, however, with composure, and looked in upon the vast and awful eternity which lies beyond with a firm and steady gaze.

"The return of the 13*th of October* assures me that another year is gone—*gone for ever!* The swift passing time, my wasting flesh, and my powers of body, all gradually decaying, convince me that my stay on earth will be short; that I must soon pass the Jordan of death, and enter the eternal world. Yes, indeed, death, judgment, and eternity are just before me! Do I live under the impression of this solemn fact? Alas! I still have

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cause to mourn over a carnal mind; I am grieved at so much conformity to the world; I too often find in myself a disposition to be angry and fretful, which I think exceedingly deplorable; and I must add to the catalogue of my sins many short-comings in duty to God, to my neighbor, and to myself. O how does it become me, in view of all these my iniquities, to humble myself under a sense of sin and guilt! And since these are but a small part of my transgressions, I humbly beseech thee, O God, to teach me that which I see not, that in all things wherein I have hitherto offended I may offend no more! O let me be holy as thou art holy!

'Save, O save me from temptation,
'Thou in whom my soul doth trust;
'I have long'd for thy salvation,
'Yet am cleaving to the dust.

'Oft returning and repenting,
'I have sought thee as before;
'And, to all thy law consenting,
'Thought the contest almost o'er.

'But this treach'rous heart deceives me;
'Who its desperate depths can trace?
'Unless sovereign power relieves me,
'Mine's indeed a hopeless case!

'Be thy precepts deep engraven,
'As with diamond, on my breast,
'Till I reach the peaceful haven,
'Where my soul from sin may rest.'

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"On entering another year of my life, though I suffer much from bodily indisposition, I desire to make some new endeavors after holiness; for my soul is pained to think of my barrenness and deadness—that I live so little to the glory of God.

"Will the God of all grace help me to form a few resolutions! I would now record them for my frequent perusal, that I may thereby be assisted to live more righteously, be more holy, and be kept continually in the fear of God."

RESOLUTIONS.

"1. I resolve to be more earnest in prayer to God for FAITH, which *works by love, and purifies the heart, and overcomes the world.*

"2. I resolve to guard against a petulant, hasty disposition, and the sudden rising of passion on small occurrences; and will endeavor to gain possession of a meek, gentle, and quiet spirit; and fail not to manifest it before all, but in a special manner before my little brothers and sisters, whom I am endeavoring to teach by precept, that they may be won also by my example.

"3. I will see that the care of my body does not exceed that of my soul.

"4. I resolve to pay particular attention to my diet, and endeavor to suppress the cravings of a false appetite, which oftentimes induces me to take more food than nature requires, that I may not be rendered thereby unfit for duty.

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"5. I am resolved to be more diligent in observing the providences of God towards me, and treasuring up the instances of his goodness, and the different exercises of my mind.

"6. In humble consideration of my dependent condition, I will strive to cultivate grateful and generous feelings both towards my Heavenly Father and my *earthly* friends.

"O God, thou seest what I have here written! May I ever, under a sense of my own weakness, look to thee for grace to keep these resolutions; that as often as I read them I may do it with joy, my conscience bearing witness that I am not unfaithful in respect to them!"

The 4th resolution is probably entitled to more consideration than will in general be given it.

CHAPTER XII.

Miss Hobbie's health began now more manifestly to exhibit the symptoms of rapid and permanent decline. It seemed as if the disease was exhibiting the collected results of its former powerful, but insidious and hidden workings. She had long been sensible that death, sooner or later, must be

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the inevitable issue; but now that expected issue seemed to be near, and she contemplated her coming change with perfect composure. Her greatest anxiety was to be ready for the summons; and this led her to an inquiry into the real state of her heart, which was characterized by the severest scrutiny. If we notice attentively her language at this period, we shall observe how much the pollution of her heart affected her. Her habits of self-examination were such, that no day passed without diligent attention to the state of her heart; and this review was systematic and thorough.

I have often remarked that habits of life in other things generally mark very strongly the character of a person's piety. If he has been careless and slothful in regard to his ordinary concerns, and has grown up under the influence of such habits, his religion not unfrequently partakes more or less of his characteristic negligence; while the person who has been trained to habits of neatness, and industry, and carefulness in other matters, will usually exhibit more of system and beauty in the christian life. Miss Hobbie's religion partook largely of the *benefits* of such early habits. Neatness, order, and enterprise reigned in the family abode. Her father's farm was always well tilled, and his cattle well fed, and himself doing something to good purpose, while his wife, the faithful companion of his pilgrimage through many a toilsome year, 'looked

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well to the ways of her household;' and none there might be permitted to eat the bread of idleness.

This exerted a happy influence on the religion of the family. Their system and enterprise were carried into it. The evening lectures and the prayer-meetings were seldom forsaken by them; and on very stormy Sabbath mornings, it was a frequent remark, "There will be meeting to-day, for the Hobbies will be there."

Hannah did all that she was called to do with diligence and system. In her self-examination it is evident that all the exercises of her mind were distinctly arranged, that they might be the more closely reviewed. She kept her heart with diligence, knowing that out of it were the issues of life.

It was this that now caused her so many sorrows. She was dying inch by inch, yet she never remitted this duty. The great discoveries she obtained of the depths of iniquity within her filled her heart with grief; but her hope, as will be seen, continued strong and clear.

An affecting sketch of the exercises of her mind will be found in the following letter to her friend and cousin, J—— H—— H——.

"*Northeast, Oct.* 14, 1830.

"My dear Cousin,—As I have been spared to enter upon another year of my poor unprofitable life, I would begin it by devoting a few of my pre-

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cious moments to my beloved Hervey. I trust I do feel, in some measure, the value of time, and therefore am anxious, *with earnest desire*, in time to come, to make a wise improvement of it. The Lord grant me grace to do so!

"In taking a review of my past life, especially the past year, I am utterly confounded and covered with shame to find how little of my time has been devoted, according to my many vows, to the service of God, when my motives and obligations have been greatly increased. What abundant reason have I for thankfulness, that through so long a season of sickness I have been favored with so much comfort of body, so much strength, and the greater blessing of the free exercise of my mental faculties! what cause for gratitude, that I still possess so many privileges! I bless the Lord that he ever has shown me the truth of *his word* in my past experience; for when I have committed my way unto him, he has given me the desire of my heart.

"It was not long since that a sense of my vileness and unprofitableness lay as an indescribable burden on my mind. The Lord at that time listened to my cries and groans. I wished either to be absent from the body or made useful in it; and rather than take me to himself, he was graciously pleased to open to me, and lead me into, a field of active duty: and though poor and weak have been my services in it, I humbly trust that they have not

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been altogether in vain. I have often felt that the Holy Spirit has been my helper in this work of love; and thanks be to God, my bodily strength has not failed in any one instance since I commenced my Sabbath-school. The Sabbath-school cause is continually increasing in my estimation. The more I reflect upon the subject the greater does the importance appear of leading the mind *early* in the way of wisdom. Surely there is interest enough in this mighty work to engage the attention of every friend of Jesus and every lover of mankind. O may the time soon arrive when the young and rising generation shall universally come under the blessed influence of Sabbath-school instruction, and be brought thereby to a saving knowledge of the truth!

"All that you have sent for the use of the Sabbath-school has been received with much pleasure. The scholars have been apparently much interested with the books, &c.

"I remain, as ever,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

We return to her journal:

"October 22. How shall I account for the coldness which pervades my soul this day? O thou, who art the life and health of my soul, wilt thou

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apply the balm of Gilead, that I may be healed from the dreadful malady of sin, and, for thy name's sake, quicken me with thy grace!"

"Saturday, Oct. 23. I would remember how in mercy and goodness I have been led through the past week. I have been more comfortable in body, and accordingly have been better able to attend to the concerns of my soul. But I fear I make too little advancement in holiness. O may a sense of duty and obligation excite me to constant faithfulness and a warmer zeal in the cause of my adorable Savior!"

"Oct. 24. Lord's day. Welcome, O my soul, the return of this blessed day, which brings to mind so many sweet reflections concerning God, and his love to sinful man; and thrice welcome the day when I meet the Sabbath-school children under my care! Though feeble are my endeavors, yet blessed be God for having put it in my power to do something towards bringing them to the knowledge of the truth! The Lord grant that they may become wise unto salvation! Gracious Redeemer, let me not be disappointed in the hope of seeing some of them, at least, convinced of sin, feeling their need of a Savior, and fleeing to the refuge of thy cross! O that they may forsake the sins and follies of youth, and give up their hearts to the service of God their Savior! O may thy grace be magnified, and thy name glorified, in their early

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conversion unto thee! Wilt thou make one in the midst of those who assemble this day, and let it be profitable unto all? Most merciful God, wilt thou show us some token for good, that our unbelief may be confounded, and that the tongue of reproach may be put to silence before thee?"

"Oct. 25. Have a good degree of bodily comfort, and my mind is also less subject to distracting thoughts than it has of late often been. I thank God, that whenever my heart has been inclined to wander from him and go out after vanity, it fills me with great misery to find it so. I seek after unreserved resignation, O Lord, to thy wise and holy will, and after greater love to my fellow-men. O that I may grow in patience and fortitude of soul; in humility, and zeal, and spirituality, and a heavenly disposition; and be mainly concerned! that, whether I live or die, God may be glorified in me!"

(To her aunt H——, New-York City.)

"*Northeast, Oct.* 26, 1830.

"My dear Aunt,—My friends inform me that you are still under affliction in your own sickness and that of some of the family. Do you feel like acknowledging the wisdom and goodness of God in all this? It is better, surely, 'to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season,' and since our stubbornness and

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self-will must be brought into subjection to the will of God; since all our sinful lusts and passions must be mortified and subdued; in fine, since our whole hearts must undergo a complete renovation, we need not think it strange that our Heavenly Father employs such *thorough means* to accomplish this work in the hearts of those whom he loves. Let us count ourselves happy when we are chastened by him, for we are far more blest than the wicked, in all their prosperity.

"When I survey the dealings of an all-wise and gracious Providence towards my beloved aunt and her family, it is with mingled emotions of sympathy and admiration. Fond nature sympathizes with your sufferings, while adoring praise and love recognize in a covenant-keeping Father's chastenings, at least some evidences of your adoption into his family, through the mercy that abounds in Jesus Christ. God will find means to purify his people. You ought to rejoice.

"You, my dear aunt, have been the joyful mother of two who are now, as we humbly trust, glorified spirits in heaven. The hopeful state of those whom you are now endeavoring to train up for God is, I am sure, sufficient to give comfort in your darkest moments. Your anxiety for those around you, together with your own infirmities, may threaten to overwhelm you, but you will be supported. Happy, indeed, must be the reflection,

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that you have been made the honored instrument of bringing a son, at so early a period of life, to a saving knowledge of the truth; who now, showing himself grateful unto *all*, but especially to God, for the blessings conferred upon him, designs to give himself to the service of God, in the Gospel of his Son, seeking the salvation of all to whom he may be sent in his Master's name and strength.

"May God prepare you for all that he intends to do respecting you, whether mercy or affliction be given you, and enable you to profit by either that he may please to send! May he be a God to you, and all yours, for ever!

"Your affectionate niece,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

Her journal continues:

"Oct. 27. On making inquiry this day concerning the health of my soul, I find the malady of sin still rages within. However, I only have to look to Christ; He is my great Physician: he can make me whole; blessed be his name!"

"Oct. 30. I would make mention of the gracious privilege afforded me last evening of again hearing the Gospel preached by my dear pastor. He spoke from these words, 'Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for

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them.' Heb. 7 : 25. Truly, the work was to me as meat is to him that is hungry. It proved refreshing, consoling, and encouraging in my needy condition, distressed and disheartened as I was. O why is my faith so weak! I do humbly thank God that since I first believed I have not been left (notwithstanding the enormity of my sins) to doubt, but have had continual hope in his mercy; but since Jesus is able *to save to the uttermost*, and is offering *rich* mercy *to all* that will accept of it, I long for a stronger faith to lay hold on the promises for myself, and for my dearest friends and relatives who are out of Christ. O precious Savior, *able to save* me and others, hear my prayer for myself and my friends! As thou knowest my desires, teach me to ask aright, that I may receive, and thyself be glorified!"

"Oct. 31. Blessed Sabbath day! how it helps us on toward heaven!"

"Nov. 2. O why live at a distance from God, when I may be brought and kept nigh by the blood and Spirit of Christ? Why love my Savior so little, when his love to me is so great? Why is my faith so weak, when the promises are so many, and great, and precious? Why such leanness, when there is all the fatness of his house to feast upon? Why mourn my sin and pollution, when all can be covered with the Savior's righteousness and forgiven by his grace? 'The Lord will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly.'"

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"November 8. In the providence of God I have been highly favored for several days. I am often greatly distressed in body, yet being blest with a considerable respite, I do, I trust with gratitude as well as joy, *take for a few minutes my needle*, and besides other things, have helped to enlarge the funds of our Benevolent Society.

"When engaged in the concerns of this world, how difficult to keep my mind unspotted from it. I have continually to be on my guard lest the blessing which I have more especially been favored with of late should prove a snare to my soul. Will the Lord save me from temptation and sin, and give me grace now and glory hereafter!"

"November 14. From some cause, and I fear by some acts of rebellion, my mind has been for a little time past almost continually harassed and perplexed, so that I could not plainly discover the hand of God in my way. But I thank him that I can this day see his love and goodness in giving me greater discoveries of the wickedness of my heart, of the emptiness of the world, and of the great power of sin and Satan to deceive."

"November 15. I see still to-day how poor and vain a thing the world is. It brings sorrow, and proves its vanity to all, even its votaries. Its allurements only rob us of better things, and leave us bitterness and sorrow. The Lord save me from all its snares!"

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"November 18. The degree of comfort and strength I but lately enjoyed I have in a great measure lost. I fear I have indulged a spirit approaching to worldly ambition, and that this is, partly at least, the reason why I have forfeited the continuance of my mercies by my own folly. If so, I acknowledge the goodness, justice, and mercy of God in taking from me this, or any other earthly good, he in divine wisdom sees would prove detrimental to my soul's best interests. Blessed be God for his kind providence over such an ungrateful and inconsistent creature as I am!"

From this date there was no intermission even for a short space, to her sufferings, but one continued period of extreme distress of body, till nature wore away under it, and the hour of her dissolution came. Ten days subsequent to this she says:

"November 28. Disorder raging, infirmities increasing, and distresses multiplying, evince that the solemn hour of my dissolution draws near. Yes; death with his fatal dart stands over me, and soon will strike the blow which is to hurry me away from all that I have held dear on earth. In view of the solemn scene before me, I would say to my soul, BE THOU IN READINESS;—WATCH, lest the Son of Man come in an hour when thou thinkest not. O my blessed Savior, may I ever abide in thee,

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that when thou shalt appear, I may have confidence, and not be ashamed before thee at thy coming!"

"December 2. In the world have I tribulation and distress; but why should I despond? The great Captain of salvation, who has gone before to prepare a place of rest for his faithful people, has overcome the world—has gotten for me the victory; and if I trust in him, obeying all his commands, I may conquer every enemy. O may the blessed Comforter which is promised to them that suffer tribulation, be given to me in this time of need, and afford me abundant consolation and support! I would trust in the Lord, and take courage from the words of eternal truth. When I am tried, may I receive a crown of life, which the Lord has promised to them that love him!"

"December 9. This day is set apart by the Chief Magistrate of this State as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God for his multiplied bounties to us; and feeling that *no one has more cause than myself* to be grateful, I will call upon my soul and all that is within me to bless and praise the Lord for the gifts of his providence and the richer blessings of his grace. Although a constant sufferer, pining away under the power of a relentless disease, I am surrounded with the provisions of God's earthly bounty, and have abundant cause for thankfulness for the spiritual mercies

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which I enjoy. Let my heart, then, in time to come, abound with gratitude and praise.

"The Lord spare our guilty nation, and visit us in mercy! How long shall Satan hold this people in bondage? Bless every effort to send the Gospel throughout all the earth, and bring sinners every where to Christ!

"O thou Hope of Israel, and the Savior thereof, wilt thou not appear for the help of Zion in this place? Thy people have perverted their way, and seem to have in a measure forgotten God. O, most merciful God, for thy name's sake give us repentance, and turn away thine anger from us; cause thy face to shine, and make Zion here a name and *a praise!*"

"January 6, 1831. *Free grace!* Free grace! *grace abounding to the chief of sinners!* powerfully sustaining my feeble soul in this season of tribulation and distress; affording abundant consolation, and the hope of a *glorious rest* beyond this vale of tears! O what shall I render unto the Lord for the hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave! I will ascribe glory to him, for he is the author and finisher of my salvation!"

This seems somewhat like the shout of victory; but her warfare was not yet entirely over, her race was not yet fully finished. On the 12th she thus writes:

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"O for more grace! O for a fresh supply to deliver me from the deadly influence of sin! I find myself, partly through the weakness and infirmity of the flesh, but mostly through the wickedness that is in me, disposed to sin against my Lord in thought, word, and deed. Those sins which are to me the greatest source of grief, are an ungoverned passion, an unruly tongue, and a dead faith. O that I might ever be kept in the fear of God, then should I not sin against him!"

It is truly affecting to hear such an one as Hannah Hobbie complain of such sins as are here mentioned. Even the peevishness generally attendant on the last stages of the consumption was scarcely seen to manifest itself, so closely did she watch her heart, and so fervently did she pray against it. I never saw a person more like what I suppose the inhabitants of heaven are, in her whole spirit and conduct.

"January 21. '*I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.*' How consoling the words of eternal truth!"

This is the close of her interesting journal, with the exception of a single record, which falls more naturally within the concluding chapter.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Prominent Traits of her Christian Character.

Having chosen the service of God, as her duty and delight, Miss Hobbie was in the habit of reminding herself frequently of her vows, and renewing her covenant with God, that she might keep more distinctly in view her great object, and pursue it with renewed and unshaken fidelity. Her *standard of christian character was high;*—above the usual aim of those who profess to consecrate themselves to God. We have heard her say, "*God cannot require less than perfect holiness; I will therefore aim to be perfect, as my Father in heaven is perfect.*" Supreme love to God was the controling principle of her life.

Her distinctive traits of character were strongly marked. A few of them claim attention as the *prominent points of her testimony* to the reality, importance, and efficacy of the religion of Jesus Christ.

She had *a very deep sense of sin, and of the evil of her own heart.*

Sin appeared to her exceeding sinful. It was, in her view, nothing short of *enmity* to God; nothing less than a chosen and determined *rebellion* against his holy and righteous government. It was throwing into the ranks that opposed God all the influ-

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ence she possessed, *to pull down* the glorious and beautiful fabric which he was erecting, and *prevent* the acclamations of joy and praise, as the top-stone should be brought forth with shouting, "Grace, grace unto it!" It was *opposition* to designs of infinite love and mercy, which, carried out, would banish from the world confusion, and malice, and wo; would bind together in the fraternity of a blessed fellowship, all the children of men, and fill this earth with the peace and joy of heaven. She saw that sin not only aimed at the *subversion* of all this wise and benevolent scheme, but *rejected and despised* the means by which it was to be accomplished; that it was transgression of a law "holy, and just, and good;" that it trampled under foot *the Son of God*, and counted "the blood of the covenant an unholy thing;" spurned the offer of mercy, and disdained the submission which would secure the unspeakable benefits of the great salvation; it *resisted the Holy Ghost*, and *quenched* the kind influences by which the work of sanctification was to be perfected in the heart.

Such was her view of SIN; and the more she looked at *her own sin* the greater did its enormity appear, and the more did she reproach herself for it. The more thoroughly she searched the hidden chambers within, the more sin did she discover. There she found the dreadful *pride* over which she so often and so bitterly mourned. She saw so much

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of the treachery and deceitfulness of her heart, that she dared not trust it in any thing. She found it pleading ever for forbidden indulgence and destructive pleasures; averse to the holy self-denial to which, as a servant of God, she was called, and whispering 'peace when there was no peace.' Her impressions of its wickedness were *lively* and *abiding*. It was her daily aim to search her heart and carefully analyze its workings. She watched it with ceaseless jealousy, and kept it with untiring diligence. The effect of all, was to drive her nearer to the Savior, and to seat her beneath the cross.

In connection with this was *sincere repentance and deep humility*. She understood not those nice metaphysical distinctions which sometimes render obtuse the quick and delicate susceptibilities of an awakened conscience, and blunt the keenness of self-reproach. *Sin* to her was SIN; "*exceeding sinful;*" and in the childlike simplicity of her heart, she mourned over it with *a godly sorrow*. To find all this in herself—to feel that she was justly chargeable with such wickedness—with strengthening the ranks of revolt from God, and swelling the current of disloyalty to the King of kings—to think that she had contributed to defeat the blessed purposes of Divine love and mercy, grieved her deeply; her heart was pained; it was *broken*. She was melted into deep and permanent contrition; she loathed herself as altogether vile.

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How often have I listened to her bitter lamentations over her former forgetfulness of God, and rejection of his mercy; and over her evil heart, which continually inclined to the same course of iniquity! She has often expressed her wonder that the righteous vengeance of God *could slumber* as it did. Under such views of herself she was usually much affected. She was indeed a mourner; but she humbled and abased herself, and repented *before God;* and in all her vileness and helplessness fled, with fervent cries, *to the Savior* for cleansing, and for grace to guard her against the enemy of her soul and strengthen her in the hour of temptation.

This, then, is *her testimony against sin;* against the selfish, wicked purposes and dangerous pride of the heart; against the dark and hopeless enterprise of erecting the standard of rebellion against God. This is her testimony, jointly with all the "*cloud of witnesses,*" that a sense of sin, and deep repentance on account of it, can alone show us our need of the Savior, discover to us how helpless we are, and teach us that the strength of Christ alone, is made perfect in our weakness.

Another prominent feature of her piety was *her love to the Savior.*

Christ was *very precious* to her soul. She had so clear a sense of her wretchedness, and odiousness, and ruin as a sinner, that she knew *none else could help her.* She saw in him an all-sufficient deliverer,

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and fled to him broken-hearted and perishing. He washed away her sins with his own blood, controled and kept in check, by his Spirit, her waywardness and corruption, and spake words of sweet comfort in her ear. No other being in the universe could have done it. She had suffered so long under a sense of sin, and the wickedness of her heart would start up so often in terrifying aspects before her, that she was taught day by day how much she needed his help. He had magnified and made honorable the broken law of God—he had pardoned her many offences—he had borne with her infirmities—he had sustained her in many a severe conflict—he had heard her prayers—he had promised her a crown of victory—he had supported her through many a long and trying season of unutterable suffering; and he *was precious, very precious* to her soul—he was her *all*. When he withdrew the tokens of his favor, she could not rest. She always sought quickly an "*absent God*." In all his offices as Mediator, Jesus was precious. Prophet, Priest and King, *all* were necessary, and her own unworthiness only enhanced the value of his redemption.

Another feature of her piety was *love of the truth*. She loved it for *its own sake*, and hesitated not to bow to its decisions, however much it cost her. Whatever the word of God said *was her law*. Instruction she took fast hold of as her life, and the

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channels through which it was communicated were precious to her. She delighted in the *works of creation*, because they told her much respecting God, and set before her the evidences of his power, and skill, and goodness. His *providence* was a precious book, because it taught her so many lessons of heavenly wisdom, and purified her heart by the afflictions which it laid upon her and the mercies which it bestowed.

> "Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
> "Fulfill'd some deep design."

But in her view, God had magnified *his word* above all his name. When she had strength to read, searching the Scriptures was her delightful employment. The Bible was her constant companion through all her sickness—under all her sorrows. I never recollect visiting her when the *same Bible* did not lie on her pillow or on the small table at her bed side. She was also in the daily habit of reading a small portion of Scott's Commentary. She did not read the Bible as a task,—because conscience would upbraid her if she did not,—but because she loved it, and desired *to hide* the truth *in her heart.*

She loved *the law of God* because it was holy—its claims right—its requirements reasonable—its principles pure—promoting the good of all who obey it. But she knew that salvation could not

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come by the law; and *the Gospel*, which revealed Jesus Christ, as "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," was precious, because it showered its rich and heavenly blessings upon the returning prodigal, while all the perfections of God remained untarnished, and all the principles of his government undisturbed.

She loved the *influence of truth upon her own heart;* it purified, it elevated her purposes, and allied her, in character and effort, to God himself, to Christ, to angels, and all holy beings in the universe.

The *preaching of the Gospel* was always esteemed by her a great privilege. In listening to it, she would recline upon her bed as quietly as her pains would allow, and sometimes seem entirely to forget them, fixing her eye upon the speaker, with its subdued and meek, but earnest expression, evidently drinking in every word. Sometimes I have observed her, after such close and absorbing attention, closing her eyes, and though not a muscle of her face moved, the tear would steal down her cheek and tell what truth was doing within.

If at any time her heart, in its iniquity, was troublesome, she would go to *the Bible* to learn how to keep it. If her faith was weak and wavering, the Bible was her instructor how to secure its increase. If she felt in darkness she went to it to find a promise to rest upon, or some principle of the divine

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government disclosed, upon which she could stay herself in safety, and wait for the morning. When she thought of sin and hell, she would find what Christ had done to destroy the works of the devil; and when the terrors of the grave, the judgment, and eternity threatened, she would look for the assurance of a glorious resurrection and an unfading inheritance in heaven.

Another striking trait of her christian character was *her love and regard for the Sabbath.*

How often have we read in the preceding pages expressions like this: "*Blessed Sabbath, day of rest!*" How often have we seen the overflowings of her grateful heart for such a precious institution. She was "in the Spirit," usually "on the Lord's day." She hailed it as often as it returned as a welcome, joyful season of peculiar devotion and communion with God. She obeyed the command to *keep the Sabbath holy*, with delight; and found, in this duty, usually high enjoyment. She was in the habit of *renewedly dedicating herself to God every Lord's day;* and this weekly consecration of herself made the Sabbath a peculiar delight. It is one of the sweetest feelings attendant on religion to give all to the Lord—to surrender ourselves and all that is near and dear to us into the Savior's hands.

"Sweet in the confidence of faith,
"To trust his firm decrees;

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"Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
"And know no will but his."

And no season is more congenial to such a heavenly state of feeling than the Sabbath. This was frequently Hannah's Sabbath blessing.

It is comforting to find in these days of general disregard of the Lord's day, any that highly value it. It was to her an excellent means of maintaining a habit of devotion. She found it salutary, even shut out as she was from the busy scenes of life; as it broke in, at frequent and stated intervals, upon the cares and anxieties of the world, and kept the heart free from the fetters which otherwise would have been bound around it. It was to her a delightful employment, in the calmness of the Sabbath morning, to call off the mind from every other object, and let the whole soul hold intercourse with heaven. It made her familiar with the holy employments and animating scenes of the eternal Sabbath on high. She could not, indeed, go up to the house of God with the multitude of his people to keep holy day, but still the delight of her soul in the Sabbath was great. Her testimony in respect to the Sabbath, throughout her whole course is, *keep it holy*. If you wish the strong exercise of faith, the power of godliness to reign within you, the smiles of your heavenly Father, and rapid growth in grace, *remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; value it as one of your greatest blessings.*

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Another feature of her piety was her *love of prayer.*

It was the channel of communication between God and her soul. It was the key which unlocked the treasuries where every good and every perfect gift is stored. If she needed grace, she went to her Heavenly Father, and asked and obtained it through Jesus Christ. If she needed forgiveness, she sought it in prayer, and found it. If pain and distress came upon her, she prayed that the affliction might be removed, or if that were not best, that it might be good for her, and that she might submit with patient resignation. In trials sharp and fiery, she plead that God would help her, and that right early, and make all work together for her good.

She found the influence of prayer upon her own soul to be sweet and tranquilizing. God was the source of her spiritual as well as her natural life, and she went to him for every supply. Every event—all things—were under his control, and she knew that through prayer alone the whole could further her eternal good.

Besides, she had been renewed in the spirit of her mind, and therefore *delighted* in communion with God. A partaker of the divine nature, she loved every thing that tended to produce conformity to the Divine image. Prayer, while it reminded her of her poverty and wretchedness, and broke

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down the pride of her heart, brought her nigh unto God, through Jesus the Savior—the great Advocate; and she felt a pure delight in the privilege of coming even to his seat. It soothed her troubled spirit to come near to the throne of grace, and pour her supplications into an ear that never was heavy, and lean upon an all-sufficient Friend, who felt so tenderly for all his people.

We find her praying as often as *four or five times a day statedly;* besides the many short but precious interviews with the Savior, which she enjoyed as occasion called her to his feet for help. She loved to pray, for she was well assured that God had often heard her, and sent in answer to prayer the richest blessings both upon herself and others. She felt in this employment like one who enjoys frequent interviews with a kind and faithful parent; secure of sympathy, and esteeming the near relationship as priceless, because that parent is able to do all that could be desired, and has never denied one reasonable request. She believed that the promises of God were all *meant to express* fully and clearly what they do express; and trusting God according to his own words, she came near, and with the simplicity of a child, spread out her desires before him.

Another trait in her christian character was *her love for the people of God.*

They were her chosen, her dearly-loved com-

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panions. She took great delight in christian society, and always appeared to be unfeignedly thankful when she received a truly christian visit from a devoted and heavenly-minded follower of Christ. Such visits were seasons of sweet refreshing, and she always imparted double for all that she received. I ever felt that my visits were the greater blessing to myself. It seemed, as I bent over her to catch the feeble tones of her voice, like holding communion with one who had outstripped me in the race, and obtained clearer views of the promised land, because she stood nearer its borders and had gained the summit which overlooked it. Sometimes I could hardly divest myself of the impression that I was listening, breathless, to catch the distant sound of her voice calling me, from the more elevated position which she occupied, to come up and contemplate with her the glories which lay beyond.

She took little interest in any conversation relating merely to the things of this world. Her soul seemed to be absorbed in the great things of God's grace and kingdom; she loved them all; and when others loved them too, there was between them a flowing together of souls. The Savior's image, enstamped upon any, of any denomination, was always current with her, for she delighted in the *kindred spirit*, wherever it was found.

Another trait of her christian character was

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anxiety for the salvation of sinners, and the progress of the Redeemer's cause.

Her's was not that selfish feeling of satisfaction with the mere evidences of *personal safety* which I am afraid prevails to an alarming extent, while the good, especially the eternal salvation of others, is almost wholly disregarded. Her heart was not only opened to receive the truth, but, under its effects, it was enlarged with ardent desires for the salvation of men. She knew the dreadful bondage of sin from painful experience, and, to use one of her own expressions, "*pitied*," greatly *pitied* those who were still its slaves. She knew their blindness of mind and their hardness of heart—that they *loved to have it so*, and *that* distressed her the more. She knew they stood upon slippery places, that their feet *would soon slide*, and that tremendous ruin awaited them. Besides, she considered sinners as the enemies of God, whom she loved. They were trying to ruin his cause; uniting their influence against the Savior, whose honor to her was so dear. They were trampling the *beloved of her soul* under foot, despising the calls of his mercy, and making light of the agonies of his crucifixion. All this grieved her deeply. She wished them to be saved from everlasting death; and greatly desired to see them gathering with Christ, and not scattering abroad. She rejoiced, therefore, with great joy when any turned to the Lord; for *so far* the

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ranks of hell were weakened, and those of her Master strengthened.

She longed for the day to come when all should be of one heart and one mind, and live in love, and give their strength, purified and sanctified, to the service of her Lord and Master. She wanted all to possess an eternal inheritance, and wear an unfading crown. It is not strange, then, that in those revivals of religion which existed around her before she died she took so deep an interest. It seemed to put new life into her own heart when sinners turned to the Lord, for they were gained over to the side which she loved, and on which she had taken a stand so decided. As long as she lived she felt it a privilege to do what she could for the salvation of sinners.

Another striking feature of her piety was her *efforts to do good.*

It is painful to witness the apathy of multitudes who profess to be the followers of Christ, and their habitual neglect of *effort to save sinners*—to see them idle in the Lord's vineyard, even in the possession of firm health, and apparently contented, while hardly evincing a desire to spend and be spent in the Lord's service. The *aged* can look back without alarm upon a long series of years in which they have made few if any efforts for the salvation of a single soul. The *young*, in all the vigor of youthful enterprise, are laying plans to consume

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their years and spend their strength in the pursuit of worldly interests, and not in labors and sacrifices for the salvation of men. Such WAS NOT the piety of HANNAH HOBBIE.

She was anxious *to do* something for the salvation of souls—to spend what little strength she had in *doing good* and glorifying God. Few would have done any thing situated as she was;—nothing would have been attempted. Sickness is often considered a plea for giving up every thing like active effort; but her views of obligation were such that she could not rest while any strength and opportunity remained to promote the Savior's cause. Her obedience to his commands was *chcerful*, and therefore universal and persevering; as she loved God's work, she panted continually after more extensive usefulness. Having done what she had purposed, she devised other plans of doing good, that she might still pursue her Master's work.

Think of her practice of *conversing with the impenitent* friends who visited her on the subject of their salvation—of the *letters written* from her sick bed, all breathing an ardent desire to be useful, and some of them expressly designed as a personal effort for the salvation of a soul. Think of a suffering and feeble young female exerting successfully her influence to form those of her own sex around her into a *society for assisting the Missionary and the Tract cause;* endeavoring also to assemble

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around her sick bed her sisters in Christ, in a stated *concert of prayer*, and resolving to take part in the necessary exercises of the meeting; and then think of such an one, almost wasted away by years of excrutiating pain, using her influence with her friends to collect the wandering children of her destitute neighborhood into a Sabbath school; and when she found those efforts fruitless, girding up her own loins to the work, and gathering them *every Sabbath into her sick chamber*, that she might herself instruct them in eternal things. Think of all this, ye that are blest with health, and opportunity, and means to do good, and yet neglecting them; and is there no reason to fear that she will in judgment rise up and condemn you?

Such activity is the result of *real love to God*. The *fellowship* of christians *with one another, and with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ*, embraces fellowship of EFFORT. *God is love*, and love is ever an attribute of godliness, and an *active* and *efficient* principle. *God* SO LOVED *the world* that he gave his Son to die for it; Jesus *so loved* the world, that he gave for it his life; the Holy Ghost *so loves* the world, that he strives with men and sanctifies the heart; angels *so love* the world, that they delight *to minister* to the *heirs of salvation;* and christians *so love* the world, that they are willing to spend and be spent in self-denying labors for the salvation of men. All who are really Christ's are

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to rejoice together in the successful issue of the great enterprise; and unless, from the same common principle of love, pursuing a course of active exertion, none can claim affinity with the blessed confederacy, or share in the glories of their future triumph.

In this trait of her christian character she *testifies* to the practical nature of true godliness; that *faith without works is dead;* and calls out from the cloud of spectators by which we are surrounded, "*Go on;* run with patience the race set before you, looking unto Jesus; and then come and wear the crown of victory he has graciously prepared."

Some think that to *prepare for death* it is necessary for the christian to relax exertion and fall back from the noise and bustle of active warfare. But Hannah Hobbie felt that she must *press forward, endure hardness* as a good soldier, and continue, even to *the end*, to fight *the good fight;* that she must TOIL ON, bearing the burden and heat of the day, and never give over till she lifted her dying eye at once to heaven and to the banner that floated over her, and laid her bones upon the field of battle.

She has trodden the path before us, and shown, in her self-denying and persevering adherence to the cause of Christ what, by Divine aid, *may be done*, and what *we ought to do*. She calls upon us to follow the Savior, and do all that we can for his glory

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on earth, that we may reign with him as kings and priests unto God for ever and ever. That we may be qualified to serve God faithfully, and cheerfully devote all to him. She calls upon us to *live near to him;* to pray without ceasing; to keep hold, by faith, of his covenant, and draw upon his fulness daily, that we may receive *grace for grace;* that we may *endure as seeing him who is invisible;* and in the strength, and through the grace that is in Christ Jesus, be brought off at last conquerors and more than conquerors.

CHAPTER XIV.

Having seen in the traits of Miss Hobbie's christian character *her testimony* for the truth, as one of the "great cloud of witnesses" we come back to the narrative, to mark a little further how God, *in his providential dealings with her,* illustrated the import of his "exceeding great and precious *promises*" *to his people.*

I visited her near the last of February, and found her very weak and in great pain. She welcomed me with a smile, and pressed my hand with more than usual fervor. I knew her time must be very short, for I had seen the frail tabernacle giving way under the pressure of the violent and long-con-

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tinued storms which had beaten upon it. The result of this interview was what might have been expected. It appeared more clear than ever that her spirit was about to mingle with purer society, and go to the participation of higher enjoyments and brighter scenes. She could say little; but every desire seemed fixed above, and she panted for the hour when all her sufferings should cease, and she be admitted to the delightful companionship of the holy and the happy in a brighter world.

"Hannah," said I, "is God a present help in this time of need?"

In her faint and mellow voice, frequently interrupted by pauses to catch breath, she said, "He is—he always has been—since I first trusted him—and I am sure he will never leave me nor forsake me."

"Do you have any distressing anxiety on that subject of late?"

"None at all, sir.—God has kindly, for a long time—enabled me to trust him,—and I cannot fear while I have such a Friend—as Jesus. I am persuaded—that he is able to keep all that I have committed to him;—and I have had so many—proofs of his willingness—to do every thing for me—that I need,—that I should be most ungrateful—to distrust him now—I have perfect peace."

"Do you feel any impatience under the Lord's dealings now?"

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"I sometimes think,—as I can do no more good in the world,—I had rather be taken—to rest; but if I can yet glorify God—by suffering longer—I ought not to murmur. All is right—as it is;—but I feel *a desire to depart*, though—I sometimes feel it to be wrong."

"Hannah," said I, "what do you now think of all your past sufferings and trials; do you still feel as if God was right in laying them upon you."

"I *see that* more clearly—every day; and I praise him—more and more for them. They are all right,—just as they should be,—all necessary—none of them—could have been spared."

Said I, "You have been a very great sufferer."

"All has been *well* done," said she; "*none of them could have been spared.*"

Her sufferings had been very severe for years; but *all was well done.* At this time she had become so emaciated—her flesh had so wasted away, that her bones had worn through her skin, and she could not be moved, even in her bed, without great pain.

Who will say that God did not gloriously illustrate *the fullness of his promises* in her history? He did, indeed, dry up some streams of earthly comfort, but opened upon her the rivers of never-failing delight which issue from his throne. He was her ever-present, her never-failing helper. He had sup-

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ported her in all her trials—had taken a gracious care of her—had fulfilled to her every promise which secures good to his chosen, and had never forsaken her. All this had been done through years of sharp suffering and conflict. Thus far *he had been her God.*.

I was intimately acquainted with her feelings throughout her sickness, and never saw more striking evidence that the riches of grace were magnified, than in her case. "*Grace did much for Hannah Hobbie,*" has been, since her death, a common remark. She cast all her care upon the Savior, and it was evident throughout that he cared for her.

Her spirit was *always tranquil.* She knew that all she suffered was sent in covenant love; and it was her great object to study the *design* of God in all her afflictions. How often have we seen her expressions of *praise and thanksgiving* for her many chastisements!

Her spirit was *always heavenly*, and at times her *enjoyment in God* was very great. What but the fulness of *divine promises fulfilled* could have given her such a likeness to God, and such unspeakable joy and peace in believing? Let the infidel talk of the supports of *philosophy*,—we will unite with Hannah in singing of the *covenant-faithfulness of God*, and rejoicing in the fullness of his redemption and the stability of his promises.

Hannah's christian life, which had been of a

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character so highly spiritual, shone brighter and brighter; and the perfect day was, in her own opinion, as well as in that of others, fast hastening, when she should see as she was seen, and know as she was known. To the last she continued to possess the same sweet spirit of acquiescence in the will of God; ever praising him that she was thus supported, that she had so many mercies, and that her sufferings were so much lighter than her sins. As she drew near the close of life, she saw still more clearly the evil of her own heart; but it kept her nearer the cross, and called forth more full and frequent expressions of thanksgiving and praise that all was graciously forgiven. She was ripening fast for immortality, and waiting for her deliverance.

On a Lord's day I received, before I left the church, a request from Hannah to see her, if possible, that day; accompanied by an intimation from her father, who brought it, that it would probably be our last interview on earth. I hastened to her, and found her sinking rapidly. She was fully aware that her end was approaching. Her conversation evinced a spirit of deep self-abasement, but her heart was full of light and joy, as she indulged the humble but assured expectation of soon resting from all her trials upon her Savior's bosom. She stood upon the summit of Pisgah, and was taking a calm survey of the billows of Jordan as they lay

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rolling between her and the land of rest which spread out its glories beyond. She was collected, and firm, and happy, in view of her expected change. She had long been waiting for it, and by grace was prepared for its coming.

Not long before this Mrs. A—— spent a night with her. When her bed had been prepared, and she had been laid upon it for the night, after a season evidently spent in silent prayer she sung to a plaintive tune, in her sweet, and feeble voice, still sweeter because almost spent,

"Our life, how short! a groan, a sigh;
"We live—and then begin to die;
"But Oh! how great a mercy this,
"That death's the portal into bliss!

"My soul! death swallows up thy fears;
"My grave-clothes wipe away all tears;
"Why should we fear this parting pain,
"Who die that we may live again?"

and then composing herself, was soon asleep. Such was her heavenly and tranquil spirit in view of the solemn change before her.

During the afternoon she called me to her bedside, and took from the drawer of her table, and put into my hands, the journal from which such refreshing selections have been made, with some other papers; requesting that I would after her departure read them, as comforting remembrancers

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that I had been useful to her, and then return them to her friends. None of the family knew until that moment that such a journal had been kept. They had often seen her writing; but knowing that she wrote many letters, they supposed that she was employed in that way. I went to the window to compose my feelings, for they were deeply moved. While standing there I observed that a soft thin haze was spreading itself over the setting sun; the sparkle and the glare were gone, so that I could look upon it; and as it disappeared in its mellow beauty, it seemed an emblem of the immortal spirit before me, about to fade away as gently, and pass from our sight in the same mild loveliness.

She had already given, in perfect composure, to the family such directions respecting her funeral as she thought important, and they all savored of her wonted humility and indifference to the world.

She now gave me the text for her funeral sermon. It was Rev. 14: 13. "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." In the selection of this text there was no ostentation; it was the simple confidence of a child feeling assurance from a Father's pledges, and reposing upon a covenant which secured the sure mercies of David to every penitent believer.

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In the morning we all assembled in the chamber of the dying saint. We bowed before the throne of grace, and committed her with full hearts and a faltering tongue to a covenant-keeping God; praying for a gentle release and a triumphant departure. It was a melting season; we were filled with an awful but soothing sense of the presence of God; and eternity appeared very near to us all. SHE *wept not.* Over her pale and sunken features was spread the strong expression of exultation and triumph; and when I went to take my leave of her, she pressed my hand tenderly, and smiled:

"We part for a little season," said she, "my dear pastor, but we shall meet again. I thank you for all your kindness to me; I shall need it no more."

There was a pause.——I turned slowly away, and saw her no more in the flesh: but "WE SHALL MEET AGAIN."

My mind was full of the scenes through which I had just passed, and before proceeding far I reined up my horse and looked back upon the house in which lay the dying believer, with feelings of unutterable interest. I doubted not that the angels of God, who are "sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation," *were there* on their last errands of love to Hannah. A light snow had fallen during the night, and a bright sun was now pouring its beams upon it. It seemed to my busy

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imagination a pure and expressive emblem of the robes of white in which the departing spirit of my beloved friend would so soon be arrayed in her Master's presence.

In the midst of reflections so sweet and affecting I gained the western summit of the hill, where a prospect of surpassing grandeur again opened on my vision. Among the finely molded hills that lay extended to the northward, arose the solitary spire of Montross. To the northwest, apparently at my feet, but scarcely arresting attention amid the splendors of the scene, lay the Stissin Mountain. The undulating foreground of the landscape beneath me was beautifully wrought up with fields, and farm-houses, and remnants of ancient forests. Farther on, a vast expanse of country, possessing the same general features, lay spread out before me for scores of miles. Across the middle of this field of view could be distinctly traced from north to south, as far as the eye could reach, the broad valley of the Hudson. In the distant background, piled up almost above the pathway of the storm, the lofty and imposing Catskills, in the wild sublimity of their winter scenery, pushed down from the north their huge masses upon the western border of this valley, as if to dispute the passage of the river, and then by a bold sweep receded to the southwest. The dark brown of their crowning oaks contrasted strongly with the dazzling white-

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ness of the snow which covered them, and deepened into heavier lines of shading, as intervening elevations, in endless succession, lapped upon other continuations of the far-extended range, till they melted away in the distance, and were lost in the line of soft blue haze which skirted the western horizon.

Never did I seem so *surrounded with God.* These works of his hands were full of beauty and grandeur; but an object of far deeper interest was the immortal spirit about to leave these scenes, and rise to a brighter world and a better inheritance. As a vesture shall all these be folded up—the elements shall melt with fervent heat; but not a jot nor tittle of the word of promise upon which the believer rests for an eternal kingdom, and an unfading crown, shall ever fail.

Two days after this I received intelligence that Hannah had gone to her rest, and a request to attend her funeral. She departed on the 21st of March, 1831. I went at the time appointed. There was no unusual commotion in the family when Hannah died. All felt that death was her gain. Her sufferings had been extreme and protracted; and, amid her anxious desires to depart and to be with Christ, which was "*far better,*" she fell asleep in Jesus, as softly and as sweetly as an infant sinks to repose upon its mother's bosom. The presence of God forsook her not; her Savior was with her to the last.

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In the days of her former vanity, while pursuing her voyage, she had often cast her anchor upon the treacherous sands, over which she was buffeting the billows and trying to ride out the storm; but it would not keep its hold. Wearied with the fruitless efforts, and almost overwhelmed in the deep waters, she raised her loud cry for help to him who alone can give it. That signal of distress was heard above the roaring of the tempest; she threw herself upon the Savior's omnipotence—cast her anchor "within the vail," and never swung from her moorings more.

It was her request that her surviving friends should wear no weeds of mourning on account of her death; and the white bonnets of her sisters, and the plain and usual apparel of the family at her funeral, appeared to me more suitable and touching—more in keeping with their impressions of her better condition above, than studied mourning-suits would have been.

Agreeably to her request, I spoke from the text which she had given me; and endeavored to show what it was *to die in the Lord*, and to point out the blessings of *rest* and *recompense*, which, through grace, the believer who has gone to a better world, receives *from henceforth*. I called upon all present to seek those blessings, and be followers of her who through faith and patience had become an inheritor of the promises. It was a time of many

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tears; and when I read the closing record of her diary, (which follows,) the sobs, which for some time had been with difficulty suppressed, burst forth from many of the assembly.

"February 1. The Great Disposer of events, in the wise dispensations of his will towards me, has recently taken from me almost entirely the use of my limbs. Twelve days since I have walked a step without assistance; and, alas! I see no prospect of regaining the loss. I have however abundant cause to bless God for the degree of resignation with which he is enabling me to meet these trials, which of myself I could not endure. I bless him, also, that it is *a source of consolation to me to know that the cords of nature are breaking, one after another, and loosing me from earth.* Although the process should cost me many a sigh, and groan, and tear, the cords of nature which bind me to earth must be separated; nature must be dissolved before my soul can leave these mortal shores to enjoy the more salubrious and delightful atmosphere of HEAVEN."

Here I delight to close her history. The last word she ever wrote was *Heaven;* the place, I doubt not, of her eternal rest.

At the close of the services I went to the coffin to take a last look at her remains. Her features were but little changed; and over them was still

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spread, fixed and abiding in death, something like the expression of exultation and triumph which they wore when I last saw her. Again I was reminded, by the white folds of the death-robe, of the bright garments in which she was now clothed in "*Heaven.*"

We carried her to the house appointed for all the living, and placed her in the grave. Soothing and pleasant associations hang around the christian's burial.—Jesus had lain in the tomb and broken its bars. The dark chamber looked like a lovely and a hallowed spot; and I said within myself, as we turned away in silence from the place, *This mortal shall put on immortality; and this corruptible shall put on incorruption:* "*We shall meet again.*" Though her body is moldering beneath the green sod that covers it, the dwelling of her spirit is "HEAVEN;" and I am sure if she is looking down from her high and bright abode upon things below, and should see a single soul, by means of this little book, turning to the Lord, she would mingle her rejoicings with those of angels over that repenting sinner, and strike upon her golden harp a higher note of praise to him who had washed from sin with his own blood, and purified by his own spirit, another of the ruined and the perishing.

THE END.

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